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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Youth's Rainbow Dream

"WELL, let's see," said the Parent, "where was I last night?"

"She was just crossin' the river," the Youngest informed him.

"Oh yes," said the Parent, "Well, so Gwendolyn got out of the Pearlshell Chariot—"

"No!" said the Next Oldest. "It was a *Caravan!"*

"So it was," said the Parent, concealing a yawn politely behind the back of his hand. "Gwendolyn sat on the steps of the Caravan and reflected—"

"What's Flected?" interrogated the Youngest.

"She was thinking," said the Parent.

"Go *on, please!"* adjured the Next Oldest. "*What* was she thinking? And what did she *do*?"

"She was wondering," said the Parent, "what had happened to the People in the Forest. You see, a terrible thing had happened to *her*—"

"What?" cried Both, promptly.

"She had Grown Up," said the Parent sadly, "and she thought it was terrible—"

"*Why*?" asked Both, with obvious disappointment.

"It's hard to say Why," said the Parent, scratching his head. "Only she didn't exactly *believe* in things any more. She didn't—if I may give you an instance—*really* believe in the People of the Forest."

"What's Bleeve?" asked the Youngest.

"She didn't think they were *there*, I mean," said the Parent, lamely.

"They *were* there," said the Next Oldest, haughtily.

"She was *silly!"* said the Youngest, with little evidence of patience.

"Maybe," said the Parent, "but it was sad for Gwendolyn. I don't think you can realize—"

"But what *happened*?" asked the Next Oldest.

"Er — why — why she sat there thinking,—and —and her tears—"

"*I* know," said the Next Oldest, breathlessly, "and her tears fell flop, flop, and as each tear hit the ground it turned into a diamond until there grew a big pile of diamonds at her feet, and then she jumped up and said, 'Oh, I know what I'll do!' and she went inside the Caravan and got a big bushel-basket and put all the diamonds in it, and jumped over the river—she could jump good—and ran through the forest, and when all the People in the Forest saw all her diamonds they ran out and said, 'How did you get them?' 'By thinking of being Grown-up and being mad about it,' she answered, so then they thought that was a good idea, and she divided all the diamonds up among them—and theylivedhappyeverafter!"

"Um!" mused the Parent. "Don't say 'she could jump *good*.' Yes, I suppose that might have—"

"When *I'm* grown up," the Youngest affirmed, "I'll go walking *lots* with diamonds on and say 'O *How*dyoudo! O *How*dyoudo!' "

The Youngest's burlesque elicited a pale smile from the bewildered Parent.

But "*Isn't* that a good ending to the story!" suddenly exclaimed the Next Oldest, projecting herself at the Parent like a plump cannonball, from her proper place in bed.

"Yes! Yes! Oh fine! Fine!" agreed the latter.

"See," said the Next Oldest, sitting up solidly. "She was *just silly*, worrying about being Grown Up. And it all Came Out Right."

She jounced upon the Parent.

"Maybe she had been trying to tell a children's story!" quavered the submerged narrator.

"Of *course* she hadn't! *Silly*! She had been sitting on the steps of the Caravan!"

"Maybe it was a Caravan of Dreams," suggested the Parent, plaintively.

"But of *course* it wasn't! It was a *puffickly* real Caravan, and the place she was in was puffickly real, and the Woods was *puffickly* real—"

"*Were*!" insisted the Parent, with shaken conviction.

"—and the People in the Woods was puffickly real—"

"And she was a Silly Girl!" repeated the Youngest with finality.

"Well, I guess we'll leave it at that," mourned the Parent, struggling up and adjusting his tie. "I think I see what you mean, anyway. What you want is *action*, isn't it?"

"What's Action?" asked the Youngest.

"Action," said the Parent, "is something Happening where Everything is—ahem—Puffickly Real. *That's* what you call a story."

Cock-a-Doodle-Doo!

By RICHARD KIRK

MY NEIGHBOR has a herd, my neighbor has a flock,
But I have a barn with a gilt weathercock.

I have no horses, I have no hay,
But I have a weathercock, gilt and gay.

My neighbor has a flock, my neighbor has a herd,
But I have a beautiful bright tin bird.

And when I am dead, this will be said:
He had a weathercock on his shed;
He had no herd, he had no flock,
But he had a barn with a gilt weathercock;
He had no horses, he had no hay,
But he had a weathercock, gilt and gay;
His neighbor had a flock, his neighbor had a herd,
But he had a beautiful bright tin bird!

This Week

Two Books. Reviewed by *Anne Parrish.*

"The Flying Carpet." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"The Boys' Life of Grover Cleveland." Reviewed by *William MacDonald.*

A. A. Milne. By *David McCord.*

"Wives." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

The Poems of Michael Field. Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

Next Week, or Later

Newcomers. By *Paul Rosenfeld.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Prep School for Rotarians

By O. J. LEWIS

NO READER of the publishers' lists can fail to observe how considerable a part juveniles play in the sum total of books published each season, and no one who will trouble to examine a few typical examples of this unceasing stream can escape the conclusion that here, more than in any other department of publishing, the standards are relaxed and the bars let down. Whether this is due to a belief that "anything will go" so far as juveniles are concerned, or whether the cause lies in the casual acceptance of time-honored misconceptions in regard to the reading habits of children, it is difficult to say. But the latter factor undoubtedly is in part responsible. The publisher, for instance, who announces that a newly issued collection of fairy tales is calculated to stimulate "the child's natural love of reading" is dealing in sheer nonsense, but he is merely repeating the major misconception upon which juvenile publishing is based.

The child, of course, has no "natural love of reading." Reading at best is a highly unnatural and artificial occupation, repellent to the instincts of any normal child. It is [illegible] which he approaches with suspicion and against which he early develops a violent and thorough natural prejudice. Before he can read at all he is forced to undergo a rigorous and, to his mind, totally arbitrary period of drudgery merely to master the alphabet. During the months that pass while he acquires his stumbling facility at translating the printed word, his suspicion that the game is not worth the candle gives place to certainty. No one who has observed the really violent mental struggle a child undergoes in order to learn, for instance, that a cat has a long, slender tail (a fact of which he is already cognizant and to which he attributes no great importance) can fail to sympathize with him in his belief that he has been duped.

It is natural that after such a beginning he should for a long time after regard printed matter with a doubtful and suspicious eye. If he is to be won over from his prejudices, if his confidence in the printed word is to be restored, he must have careful handling. His literary stomach, overdosed at the beginning, is a delicate and capricious organ. He must have attractive diet, carefully prepared and cautiously administered, if he is to be delivered safely into the ranks of the intelligent literates.

* * *

It is rather surprising that the importance of this stage has not been more widely recognized. It is the critical period, the dangerous age, in the reading life of the individual. The results of thoughtless or ill-advised treatment at this time are familiar to most teachers and to many parents. Too immediate and too assiduous stuffing during this period can have only one result; the beginning voyager heaves the whole mass over the rail and definitely refuses to take further nourishment. There are no reliable statistics as to how many potential college presidents have been diverted into the building trades by this method but the annual number must be very large.

Let there be no mistake: the dislike of the printed word, once established, responds to no cure. Those who argue that the condition will be outgrown in later years merely prove themselves incapable of comprehending the nature of the malady. The manifestations which they mis-

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take for the cure in reality are chronic symptoms of the disease. While it is true that in later years the patient may be discovered reading the *Literary Digest* it is preposterous to submit this as evidence that he had not been permanently blighted in childhood.

This apparent confusion results from an improper understanding of the meaning of the word reading. In its proper sense, reading is a process involving the exercise of the intellect. It is not a passive method of infiltration; it is an active mental function, during which the mind constantly reacts to impulses gathered from the page, bringing into play the qualities of judgment, analysis, a score of others. To apply the word to the mechanical process that commonly passes as reading is as inaccurate as to attribute to the purely functional process of rumination all the subtleties and graces that delight the epicure.

* * *

Yet it is to the cud-chewers rather than to the potential gourmets among their readers that the venders of juvenile literature direct their appeal. For purposes of checking the truth of this statement one has but to turn to the most popular and characteristic of young people's reading matter; that is, to their own magazines.

The two leading magazines published in the United States intended to be read exclusively by boys are *Boy's Life*, the official paper of the Boy Scouts of America, and the *American Boy*. Each enjoys a large circulation and each without doubt exerts a very considerable influence upon its hosts of readers. No one doubts that the opportunities of the editors of these publications are extraordinarily large. The boy as a rule begins reading them as soon as the baneful memory of his early struggle with letters has begun to wear off and thereafter through the entire formative period of his reading life he is almost completely in their hands. The direction in which his taste in literature develops is very largely determined by what he receives from this source. He graduates from the boy's magazines with his opinions formed, with his taste established. When adult reading matter presently engages his attention he is in possession of a gauge and standard by which he confidently accepts or rejects.

Along what paths has his preparatory training in the boys' magazines fitted him to follow? An examination of the magazines themselves will help provide the answer.

* * *

The fact that these two magazines have the same page-size (11 by 14 inches) and that this size is exactly that of the *Saturday Evening Post* has more significance than may appear at first thought. Comparison with the *Saturday Evening Post*, indeed, is inevitable in any consideration of these journals, whether in matters of make-up or contents. Paper, type, illustrations, are similar. All follow the custom of running reading matter over into the advertising pages, which in each case occupy two thirds the bulk of the magazine. The advertisements themselves are not different either in tone or treatment. The same typewriters and shoes and soap, the same schools of salesmanship and manufacturers of underwear and cough-drops are to be found in all. Nor is this conscious aping of the *Saturday Evening Post* confined to the externals of materials and make-up. The *American Boy* each month carries this subtitle: The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World. The slogan of *Boys' Life*, quoted from its editorial page, bears a striking similarity: Bigger and Better in Every Way—For All Boys Everywhere. Both are more than faintly reminiscent of that other phrase: More Than Two Million Copies a Week.

Now this insistence on size is, of course, characteristic of the magazines for which readers of the boys' papers are being prepared, to which they will eventually be graduated. For the boy who has read only the "biggest and best" juvenile magazines will hardly be satisfied with less than the "biggest and best" when he enters, as he inevitably will, the bewildering field of news-stand literature.

If the influence of the boys' magazines is worth considering at all it must be considered from this standpoint, with an eye to the vessels into which they deposit their partially milled product.

No unprejudiced observer can escape the conclusion that they hinder rather than help the youth in the free development of his taste in literature. To understand more clearly wherein they fall short it is perhaps wise to consider this matter of literary taste, to inquire into the reasons why but one or two boys out of every hundred grow up to find themselves in possession of it.

If we were concerned only with the exceptional one or two there would be no real cause for alarm, for the youth of real literary taste, with that artist's inborn sensitiveness to words, will find his level without, and in spite of, instruction. Unlike the average, such a child becomes a discriminating reader almost from the time he has mastered the alphabet. He, at least, is safe from the blandishments of the boys' magazine editors; nature has provided him with the impenetrable armor of native taste and he is forever saved.

Nor need we concern ourselves with another and far larger class of reader; with those who comprise the great bulk of patrons alike of juvenile and adult publications. His class is powerful because it is numerous. Without taste or discrimination, such readers are likewise without the capacity or the desire to acquire either. To accuse editors of corrupting taste or lowering standards here is on the face of it ridiculous; the obvious fact is that there is no taste to corrupt, no standards to lower. They lay no claim to literary taste; the phrase as a rule is one with which they are unfamiliar. As to the possibility of deriving pleasure from so abstract a thing as style, from the mere deft arrangement of words into melodious sequence, they would reject the thought with genuine horror. Pleasure of this sort, were they capable of experiencing it, would be taken as a sign of unsuspected and unplumbed weakness, terrifying in its implications, to be ruthlessly stamped out.

* * *

But to say that they have neither standards nor taste does not mean that the manner of presentation does not interest them. It does, as a matter of fact, interest them a great deal. To succeed with this multitude even to the extent of being read, the work must be the result of a skilful and sustained effort to avoid the necessity of all thought or reflection on the part of the audience. The success of the writer in this field is in precise, mathematical proportion to the extent to which he succeeds in shielding his reader from the necessity of exercising his intelligence. The tendency to establish any sort of partnership with the reader, to get his effects by subtleties, by indirection, by the oblique presentation of ideas; the temptation, in other words, to write as an intelligent human being, the author must rigidly suppress. In his reading, as in his drinking, the member of this class is solely concerned with the kick; with the process of swallowing the potion he has no concern beyond a desire to have it over quickly. He would no more think of pausing to savor the words as he reads than he would think of stopping to gargle his synthetic gin.

It is, of course, this same characteristic and this same desire that fills the movie houses. These have marked a notable advance in the business of supplying entertainment and at the same time reducing almost to the vanishing point the necessity for mental strain on the part of the customers; in our present imperfect state of mechanical development the movies are admittedly the most efficient device for the painless administering of entertainment. There are, it is true, many who maintain that the device is not perfect, and these are right—but not for the reasons they imagine. The trouble with the movies is not that plots are childish, or that values are distorted, or that the acting is for the most part preposterous. The real defect of the Art, the defect that eventually will cause its downfall as the most popular form of entertainment, has nothing to do with plot, or with situations, or with acting. The defect is at once more obvious and more fundamental. It has to do with the demands it makes upon its patrons. I do not refer to mental demands—it is hard to conceive of further cutting down here—but to physical ones; in short, to the fact that the customers have to sit up in their chairs and hold their eyes open while they receive their nourishment. There are already signs of revolt against this imposition, with a consequent deflection of movie audiences in favor of the radio. But no thoughtful student of the problem will consider the radio as the ultimate solution. It is at best but a compromise, merely transferring the burden from the eyes to the ears. What the final solution will be, what subtle and sinister method of infiltration, it is difficult at this time to picture, but there can be no doubt that this ideal of absolutely effortless entertainment will some day be realized.

But our present concern is with matters closer at hand. In neither of the two classes that have been named, those rare youths whose literary taste is instinctive and selective, and that larger group that has no taste and desires none, do the boys' magazines exert any particular influence; toward the readers of neither class need they assume the slightest responsibility.

* * *

But there remains another, an intermediate class, toward which their responsibility is real. Here is the fertile field for missionary work. If America is to be lifted to a higher per capita standard of literary taste here is the place to begin. There can be no doubt that if such a campaign were undertaken and carried through with one third the zeal expended on scores of crusades of lesser importance, the number of intelligent readers in the country could be increased ten-fold in as many years.

These readers would come from the intermediate class already referred to; from those youths (whose number is larger than many suspect) who, possessed of no native literary taste, have equally none of the fundamental earthiness of the born Babbitt. Here is the class, and the only class, upon which education in the appreciation of literature is not wholly wasted. These are the youths of dormant possibilities, of sleeping potentialities. They have in them the raw material of civilized human beings, needing only intelligent direction, a deft pointing of the way. It is these who throughout the early years of their reading lives sit, puzzled and questioning, upon the fence, gazing first on one side, then on the other.

Who can doubt on which side nine of every ten will eventually fall? Because such youths are undirected, the steep paths and the austere temples can hardly compete with the rival attractions off to the left, the crowded, jostling street of circus booths stretching into the distance, the gilded, rococo dome of the Elks' Club flashing at its far end. Down into this street they scramble by the thousands, swarming eventually into the dens of the Rotary Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce. They are never aware that they have made a choice, that any other path had ever been open to them.

* * *

It is on this charge that the indictment against the boys' magazines must be based. In their hands is an instrument of unequalled power, one which has a nearer approach to the center of the problem than any other agency. From no other source would the wavering youth, hesitating before his descent toward the fleshpots, receive with more respect the directing gesture of an extended hand.

The hand is never extended, the gesture never made. Instead, the boy is given "The Biggest and Best Magazine for Boys in All the World," a magazine which is an exact physical copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which the successful boy invariably is the one who makes more money than any other boy in town, and in which an editorial by Frank Crane or a poem by Edgar Guest is the acme of editorial enterprise.

The fault is not so much that these magazines are partisan as that they are not non-partisan. It is not that they turn their readers over wholesale to the *Cosmopolitan* and the *American* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. As preparatory schools for readers of the *Dial* they would be as pernicious, possibly more so. The fault lies in their failure to let their readers choose for themselves.

The students of St. Andrew's University (according to a news dispatch from England) have agreed to nominate George Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy for the rectorship of the university, in succession to Rudyard Kipling, whose term of office has expired.

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Buns and Ices

A PEDLAR'S PACK. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $2.50.

MADE-TO-ORDER STORIES. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed By Anne Parrish

ONCE upon a time children were considered too sensitive to have poetry or deaths in their books. The Cat fell down the chimney into the bubbling pot, the Babes perished in the Wood, and Cock Robin lies forever because he died. Death was admitted with other facts of nature, such as snow, sunrise, elder trees in bloom, and the hatching of eggs. So with a feeling of going back to those golden days I read "The Pedlar's Pack" by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, containing any amount of murderers and dead bodies, and, with good old-fashioned hardihood, speaking of people being "lucky enough to come upon an execution." Really, it is refreshing!

But I am not as enthusiastic about reluctant young men being married to hideous, rich old women, or unhappy little Princesses to grey-bearded old Kings. "The King and the Statue" is the story of a forced marriage; "The King's Holiday" of a violently unhappy marriage; and marrying for money is an important part of "Carl and Carlo."

Yet the first tale, "The [illegible] Baby," is heavily moral. "What a preachy [illegible]ched, stumbling among the poems that [illegible]ntrance to each story, only to fall [illegible]eking "Princess Petunia and [illegible] so merry and exciting and ful[illegible] and sausages and ices. I like little [illegible] of the Red Town," with his goose-quill [illegible] cap, but the story of his eating the fairy fruit, reminding one of Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," is coldly sad for a child.

Mrs. Baldwin is a daughter of George Macdonald, but her book has none of the glamour, the exquisite compelling magic of his "At the Back of the North Wind" or "The Princess and the Goblin." Yet "The Pedlar's Pack" lives. One does want to know how the stories "come out."

Another book that lives is Dorothy Canfield's "Made-to-Order Stories." But, as our nurse used to say to us, "Such language!" "Pep," "enough sight heavier," "a real sure-enough horse-thief," "lay on some fat," "Oh, say!" "snugged up together," "hitting the pillow" (meaning sleeping) "he'd brisk them up," and, speaking of an elephant, "sort of picking his teeth with a straw." Are these words beautiful enough, pure enough, for the children? Yet if a West Point graduate, in "Sally's Story," says: "Looky here, folks," who am I to object?

These are stories told to a little boy who dislikes hearing about stars and fairies, so he chooses his own ingredients, among other things skunks, false teeth, and a hunk of chewing gum. A star slips in once, but is changed into a detective's badge. I don't think I am a spiritual descendent of that lad with the delicate air, the "greenery-yallery, Grovesnor Gallery, foot in the grave young man," but I felt as shuddering as he while I read "Clover's Story." It was a relief to turn to "The Upside Down Moral," the one tale that beauty is allowed to enter freely. It shimmers with Spring, a hawthorn tree in bloom, ovenbirds' speckled eggs, yellow as cream, a field red with wild strawberries. And there is real suspense in the little boy's loss of his bed in the middle of the night in "Anchor House," and charming humor in the description of the baby woodchucks. I like the fun and excitement of "Jombatiste and the Forty Devils"—a story little boys, theoretically, will delight in, although in my own kindergarten days it was the girls who always chose "Soldier Boy, Soldier Boy, where are you going?" and the boys who chose "This is the Dolly that I love best."

The book is enriched by the drawings of Dorothy Lathrop, who understands animals as well as she understands the management of pen and ink. Who could resist her baby woodchuck hurrying into his hole, or her cat on the mantelpiece, [illegible] tale of life that you tremble for the glass-[illegible] wax bouquet?

But [illegible] best part of "Made-to-Order Stories" [illegible] lovely friendliness between a mother and [illegible] little boy that shines from every page.

First-Rate Frivolity

THE SLY GIRAFFE. By Lee Wilson Dodd. Illustrated by Clarence Day. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

WRITERS of inspired nonsense are few and far between. While the flow of Mr. Dodd's inspiration in "The Sly Giraffe" is not uniform there are moments worthy of the models the author so modestly acknowledges in his graceful rhymed preface. The book is written in quite the proper nonsense manner, which is to give one's fancy perfectly free rein and set down *almost anything it dictates, in a lively rippling narrative.*

Mr. Dodd certainly qualifies as an idle hour entertainer of the young. His considerable achievement in the realm of the serious novel, of the drama, and of poetry, does not cramp his style. His humor is charming. And Clarence Day is his perfect collaborator in the matter of illustrations. If this book is not another "Rose and the

Illustration by Mary Baker for "The Little Girl Who Curtsied," by Margaret Baker (Duffield).

Ring," say, illustrated by an Edward Lear,—why should one set so classic a mark for Dodd and Day to shoot at? It is a compliment, at least, to their collaboration that Thackeray in his lighter moments, Lewis Carroll, Charles E. Carryl, W. S. Gilbert, and Lear are all occasionally adumbrated in these pages.

When Clarence Day draws Queen Stabina smiling with an expression "simply ferocious" he so admirably interprets Mr. Dodd's inspired conception as to create in his own right. It is the same with the textual description and the depiction of Sir Chiasmodon Niger, Bart.

When Lee Wilson Dodd gives rein to italics, capitalization, eccentric "asides," and spontaneous rhyme he whips up a soufflé of nonsensical fantasy considerably lighter and livelier than most modern writers for children could achieve.

We shall long remember the Twin Islands called Tooting, the Potamus, the Sly Giraffe, the Wise Old Man who dwells in Tai-Poo, and many others. If the author at times lets his eye rove from the children and glances askance at a more adult audience, if he has not been able in this first experiment wholly to cast off self-consciousness and forget that he is enjoying "a lighter moment," there is, nevertheless enough spontaneous promise in this little book to lead us to hope for the emergence of a new nonsense writer of the first water.

Mr. Dodd is certainly remarkably versatile. His intelligence and sensitivity have now been variously demonstrated. One bit of criticism, diffidently offered to this gifted writer, he may not take amiss. In our own opinion the typographical devices in his book are a trifle too emphatic and a firmer consecutiveness of "story" would seem to us advisable, completely to hold the attention of the young. For us elders this does not so much matter. It is refreshing to us to lose ourselves sometimes in complete irrelevancy. And an inspired irrelevancy is the soul of nonsense. But the frivolous young take their pleasures more gravely than this. Yet why, after all, should we attempt to break a butterfly upon the wheel?

On the Wings of Fancy

THE FLYING CARPET. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed By Lee Wilson Dodd

IN "THE FLYING CARPET" the publishers have brought together a number of writers with justly celebrated names and have presented them as holiday entertainers for the young. Mechanically, the book is a delight, stoutly bound, beautifully printed and adorned. It contains, moreover, several contributions which any imaginative, fun-loving child would be sorry to miss: such, for example, as Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very, *Very* Young," which is in his happiest Christopher-Robin vein, or Dr. Dolittle's midnight bath in Paris, or Mr. Denis Mackail's impishly amusing story, "The Magic Medicine." But, as a whole, the collection is disappointing. It is not light enough on its wings. The famous names seem fatally to have weighed it down.

Thus, it begins with a sombre little poem by Thomas Hardy, which is followed by an equally sombre little tale by Adelaide Phillpots. It contains also a thoroughly bad poem by Alfred Noyes, a not specially amusing nonsense-rhyme by Henry Newbolt, a far too cryptically witty "copy of verses" by G. K. Chesterton, two distressingly glum jingles by Hilaire Belloc, *etc., etc.* In short, one early begins to fear for this Flying Carpet that it lacks the right magic [illegible] come to grief on the desert sands.

The book is saved, however, if not for child readers, at least for posterity, by two authors who have given of their inimitable best. J. M. Barrie and Walter de la Mare (to whose names one must join in all fairness that of A. A. Milne) are here once more the authentic wonder-workers we have long known them to be. Mr. Barrie's "Neil and Tintinnabulum, An Interlude for Parents," is in every detail a small masterpiece of unforced humor and unaffected pathos, and surely there are few more tenuously exquisite fantasies in the English language than the "Pigtails, Lmt." of Mr. de la Mare. But these, although a sensitive, highly intelligent child might well enjoy them, are not tales for children. Their undertones and overtones are for those who are sensitive indeed, but who have managed somehow to retain this quality during the considerable, if dreadful, process of becoming fully mature.

Old Friends at New Tricks

SANTA CLAUS IN SUMMER. By Compton Mackenzie. With drawings by A. H. Watson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed By Charles A. Bennett

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE has conceived the fanciful idea of writing a story with the familiar characters from the nursery rhymes as the chief actors in it. Red Riding Hood is the central figure. Santa Claus, Puck, and Mother Goose rescue her and her mother from a grimy London tenement and transport her to Banbury Cross. Banbury Cross had once been Banbury Gay, but the coming of Little Jack Horner and the depressing influence of his conscious rectitude had transformed it. Red Riding Hood is inspired by Puck to make it naughty and gay once more. She demoralizes Miss M. Q. Contrary's very select school, plays truant, and has adventures with witches and goblins and all the legendary figures and animals of Mother Goose. All ends happily and Banbury Cross wakes on Christmas morning to find itself Banbury Gay again.

The story naturally impresses one by the ingenuity with which the well-known characters and episodes are woven into a coherent narrative rather

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than by its imaginative power. The world which the author has created is the product not of imagination but of artifice. Yet there is plenty of fun here, plenty of movement, variety, and excitement to make the tale enjoyable to children say between five and eight. The one serious flaw is Mr. Mackenzie's predilection for puns and plays upon words. There is literally hardly a page that does not contain such passages as this:

It certainly was a very dry looking garden. . . "It's a flour garden," said Antony Rowley. "And it doesn't knead rain. It's the rain that kneads the flour."

Or this:

Buff [the dog] himself played Hoffman's famous Barkarolle on his flute, and Diddle Dumpty the cat some pieces by a modern French composer called Depussy, while Billy and Buttercup danced a goatillion together.

At best this sort of thing is painful to adults and perplexing to children. It reminds one of Uncle George with determined playfulness doing his tricks to amuse the children, while the children laugh dutifully, with Heaven knows what mental reservations about the good intentions of grown-ups. The book is copiously illustrated with drawings by A. H. Watson. These are a delight—most delicately imagined and executed.

An Indian Maid

CHI-WEÉ. By GRACE MOON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by RACHEL LYMAN FIELD

INDIAN CHI-WEÉ with her black eyes and plump body is as real and friendly a small creature as the bird whose chirping note gave her such a gay little name. Long blue days of sunshine are hers in the pueblo village on the mesa top overlooking the desert, and each of them is packed full of adventure,—the most delectable adventures that can happen to a seven year old girl. There is the excitement of helping her mother make and sell pottery jars; a kidnapping in which the family goat proves rescuer; a trip to an ancient ruined pueblo where Chi-Weé and her playmate, Loki, capture a bear for a party of white hunters; a journey through the desert and an accidental excursion into the Kiva, sacred to Medicine Men. Best of all there is the Indian baby that Chi-Weé's motherly heart covets, but who turns out to be more of a responsibility than she expected.

It is difficult to give any idea of the freshness and charm of this book. In an early crop of fall juveniles it stands out with a vigor and sunniness all its own. From cover to cover it is American, with the blue sky and sunny spaces of the Southwest, the bustle of the Indian pueblo, desert trails, and sagebrush where little brown rabbits scamper, always in the background. All this is part of the little heroine herself, and one could no more think of her apart from her country, than one could think of Heidi away from her Swiss mountain peaks. For all that the two books are so different as to time, place, and style, they both have much the same happy sense of freedom and fresh air about them. Chi-Weé's adventures are those of a little Indian girl today, but the heart she brings to them is the heart of happy childhood the world over.

One cannot leave the book without a word for Mr. Moon's pen and ink drawings which do so much to carry out the spirit of the story.

Myths and Histories

THE VOYAGERS. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.25.
THE FORGE IN THE FOREST. The same. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. COLUM'S poetic fancy and gift for graceful expression transmute history into romance as charming as the mythology which he mingles with it. In the "Voyagers" he has taken legend and fact, and brought them into happy harmony through the device of having all his tales told to Prince Henry the Navigator, whose thirst for geographical adventure and faith in the existence of unknown lands were hospitable to the theories of all men. From tales of the lost Atlantis and the Irish Saints he progresses through the Saga of Eric the Red to more authentic chronicles such as accounts of Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth and the recital of the discovery and settlement of America. Drawing upon various sources for his material Mr. Colum has everywhere so presented it as to lend glamour to his narrative while preserving its faithfulness to early record and actual happening. His book will enchant the youthful reader and hold the interest of their parents.

For children too young to appreciate these legends and histories of Atlantic discovery Mr. Colum has supplied another volume, "The Forge in the Forest," a charming retelling in some instances of the myths having to do with the elements, and in others Mr. Colum's own delicately fabricated legends. The touch of the poet is on these tales as on everything that Mr. Colum does. They should prove a delight in the nursery, where their gay illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff will divert the children too young to read to themselves while they await the hour of reading aloud.

An Entirely Honest Man

THE BOYS' LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND. By ROYAL J. DAVIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MOST boys, it may be suspected, do not read book reviews, so that anything that a reviewer may say to commend a book to them must reach them, if it reaches them at all, indirectly at second or third hand. Perhaps this is just as well, for not many boys can be made to read a book clear through merely by telling them that it is worth while. They may go a little way with it on faith, but they will demand the veritable substance of the things hoped for before they will persevere to the end.

The boy readers whom Mr. Davis apparently has had in mind are youths who want action and struggle and success in a story, with glimpses of romance and touches of something that can be called adventure. They like to start in a past different from anything that they themselves have known, and to emerge by rapid but natural stages into surroundings more or less like the present. Most heroes go through a similar process: they begin in the shadows and end in the limelight. Whether tradition has yet accorded to Cleveland a place in the hero class to which Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln belong is a question whose answer will depend a good deal upon the personal point of view. Most men who are old enough to remember Cleveland as president, and the still larger number who know him only as historians or politicians have depicted him, probably think of him as too ponderous, intellectually as well as physically, for romantic treatment, while to certain moralists of his generation his life presented vagaries with which good boys had better not become too familiar. Historically, of course, this is not at all to Cleveland's disfavor, for much the same things were thought of Washington and other occupants of the American *Herrenbank*, but Cleveland is nearer, and the flavor lasts.

Nothing of the kind, however, seems to interest Mr. Davis. If he ever freighted his intellectual ship with the cargo of partisanship, prejudice, and ill-will that captains of history and journalism have sometimes to load and stow away, he threw it all overboard before embarking on this voyage. The Cleveland whom he writes about is a great American citizen and public servant, and what Ruskin would have called an "entirely honest" man, whom every American boy ought to know and respect, and although Mr. Davis packs his pages with history he tells the story in a way to make the personal qualities stand out. Someone will perhaps object that the boy readers grow up a bit more rapidly than the average of boys as the story goes on, and that what is said about such matters as the civil service, pensions, free silver, and the tariff makes a pretty heavy demand upon the polysyllabic vocabulary of youth, but this is only to say that the book is not written for young children. As a matter of fact, any boy who has passed the words-of-one-syllable stage in his intellectual development will find the language simple and the substance clear. For this he will owe much to Mr. Davis's skill in story-telling. By the time the account of Cleveland's life has been carried from the years of humble beginnings on through the study and practice of law to public service as sheriff of Erie County, mayor of Buffalo, and governor of New York, we have a picture of a rugged and sterling personality whose career must be followed to its end. What follows after that is easy. The boy grows up along with the book.

Mr. Davis's volume is to be commended as better than a whole syllabus of Americanization exercises in its contribution to citizenship. It will be welcomed by teachers and librarians, for whose needs the list of really good books of American biography for young people is extremely small, and no grown-up will nod over it notwithstanding that it is not written for him.

Riches Are Here

ANOTHER BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN. By E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

MR. LUCAS'S literary palate, always epicurean in its taste, sampled many morsels of poetry before he spread this feast before us. Over it he must have smacked his lips in pure delight. It is an unusually felicitous one, a mingling of old and new fancies and ballads that combine in one harmonious whole. The very divisions of the book, Four Seasons, Friends in the Village, Little Fowls of the Air, Ballads of Dumb Creatures, The Country Round, From the Stream to the Sea, are poetic. Under them is grouped the work of such seasoned English poets as Blake, Herrick, Wordsworth, Drayton, Cowper, Allan Cunningham, Walter de la Mare and others, our American John Hay and James Whitcomb Riley among them. Great company for reading at a winter fire, for chanting on autumn walks, for perusing under the trees on hot and idle days. Why should the children of this generation not be read more of the heroic, the exquisite, the humorous in poetry instead of the commonplaces quoted in public school books? Why should they not be thrilled by the sweeping measures of Southey's "Cataract at Lodore" or Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" as well as by music from saxophone and tuba? Only reading aloud can bring out the glory of fine rhythms as only reading aloud can extend the pure grace of Gale's "Country Faith" or Longfellow's "Rain in Summer." To read poetry aloud well is an achievement as notable as playing an instrument.

Riches are here. Poems on the children's precious pets from the famous anonymous "Dame Wiggins of Lee," and "Kit's Cradle" by Mrs. Ewing, to Cowper's poem on the bulfinch; story poems in which are included Lamb's "Prince Dorud," Peacock's "Priest in the Mulberry Tree," and Hay's "Enchanted Shirt"; rhymes of the lighthearted, among which we are happy to recognize Hilaire Belloc's inimitable sallies on beasts. The only rival to this collection is De la Mare's "Come Hither" and that has many poems that might pass over the head of the average young person. This book has the field flowers of poetry, the sturdy daisies, buttercups, and dandelions that are part of the roadside and the daily trail and not beyond the comprehension of the growing mind. Let us chant them singing as we go and make them part of every child's education! Bedford's drawings greatly enhance their charm and lend to the volume an air of old-fashioned mirth.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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More Milne

NOT THAT IT MATTERS; IF I WERE YOU; ONCE A WEEK; FOR THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL. By A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by David McCord

THREE times, at least, in his literary life Mr. Alan Alexander Milne has been the object of discovery. Three times; and once, suddenly. The first occasion is dateless and lies snugly back in the stretch of years from his editing of the Cambridge *Granta* to the beginning of the War. More precisely, it happened between 1906 and 1914 when Mr. Milne was assistant editor of the London *Punch*, contributing thereto his weekly sketch or essay, and appearing as well in the pages of the *Star*, the *Outlook*, the *Sphere*, and other English journals. That discovery was gradual and unnoised. Mr. Milne, apparently, could write the familiar, intimate essay. He could write it easily and with rather more wit than most of his contemporaries. He did it to the extent of several collective volumes. His readers smiled a bit. His name was bruited. The initials "A. A. M." took up a pleasant kind of significance. Then he went off to War.

A more recent figure, Mr. Milne the playwright, is better known. "The Day's Play" fell into the hands of but a few; "The Dover Road," however, crossed the footlights to many. Likewise "Mr. Pim." For six or seven years now, second discovery and increasing success have bound Mr. Milne to the drama. Since 1914 he has not returned to the editorial staff of *Punch*; but a long list of comedies acted in this country and in England, a mystery story with humor, a fairy-tale in burlesque, and a pocketful of lesser themes have occupied his pen. These and one thing more. A year ago appeared "When We Were Very Young." With that came the third (and sudden) discovery: Mr. Milne the children's poet.

It is obviously contingent upon this latest success that E. P. Dutton & Co. have reprinted a salvo of the essays in attractive editions. Lewis Carroll writes the adventures of Alice, and the Queen (not the Red one) must have copies of all his work. She is amazed, it seems, that they should have titles like "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants" or "Euclid and His Modern Rivals." Secretly, she ought to have been glad. It would be infinitely better if the early work of a good many writers turned out to be mathematics. Then no one could be inveigled into reading it. Hutchinson finishes "If Winter Comes" and the public is cordially invited to dip a bit into his first fruits. More to the point, I am now looking at "The Ladies of Lyndon." Well, Mr. Milne shall not suffer. His sketches, his essays, his essayettes are an earlier work. Yet they are also complete, and we must not discuss them in a breath with "The King's Breakfast" or compare them to "The Truth About Blayds." Let them stand as they are.

"Not That It Matters" I read several years ago, almost when it first appeared. It contains forty-five brief essays on as many subjects: amusing trivialities, benign experiences of the imagination, discoveries in life's unstable minutiae, nonsense (a good deal of it), considerations of intellectual snobbery, golf, daffodils, the diary habit, walking sticks (the best one, indeed) and more. "If I May," first published a year later—in 1921—and a companion volume even to identity in the number of pages, will be found not quite so readable, yet they are both of the same stamp. Such themes as these have come under the eyes of other Englishmen—H. Belloc, J. B. Priestly, Robert Lynd, E. V. Lucas, and Aldous Huxley, for example. But with all of them there occurs more often than not a certain serious mood, unleavened of wit, which Mr. Milne would never strive to attain, nor (in the end) tolerate if he did. Only once in either of the two volumes mentioned do I recall an utterly serious remark: a recommendation, if I remember, of Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."

"By the Sea," "Acacia Road," "The Christmas Present," "Signs of Character," "Farewell to Tobacco," "A Household Book," "Looking for an Ancestor," "The Collar," these you will say (if you know him) are typical titles for typical Milne sketches. And so they should be, and are. But [illegible] them I took from "Not That It Matters" and half from Lynd's "The Peal of Bells." Titles, then, and closer still the actual subjects, [illegible] give-away. It is never there that Mr. Milne underwrites his individuality. Look for it, rather, in his unbuttoned, airy method; in his simple, unaffected style, in his freedom with parentheses, dashes, and asides; in the roots of mock-seriousness, in the very gentle measure of irony (where Beerbohm is so rich); in the fore-and-aft suggestion that whatever it is all about, *you*, at least, are let in on it. Look for an individuality, above all, in his casual, almost imponderable philosophy of composition. In one candid paragraph he has flashed on us (how credulous we are!) the truth about his brightest essay—and his worst. For him the subject is nothing: it is only the mood that matters.

> Sometimes when the printer is waiting for an article which really should have been sent to him the day before, I sit at my desk and wonder if there is any possible subject in the whole world upon which I can possibly find anything to say. On one such occasion I left it to Fate, which decided, by means of a dictionary opened at random, that I should deliver myself of a few thoughts about goldfish. (You will find this article later on in the book.) But today I do not need to bother about a subject. Today I am without a care. Nothing less has happened than that I have a new nib in my pen.

In the hands of Belloc or Priestly we might tremble for the health of those fish. There would be no telling what weight of thought or width of ideas might be called down upon their heads. But with Mr. Milne a goldfish is safe. A little innocent nonsense about him, a few genial pages, that is all. Never in the world would he make of it *Gradus ad Parnassum*. As an extreme test (but perhaps a cruel one), read "The Fire" by Max Beerbohm and then Mr. Milne's consideration of "The Fires of Autumn" in "If I May." The distinction of attitude will become clear.

* * *

The evasive and ephemeral essay Mr. Milne does well enough. But there is another kind of sketch at which he is really quite without rival. These are the conversations (for want of a better name) of which a generous number are included in "Once A Week." They were the immediate precursors of the plays, and the humor of them ever and again seems strikingly the equal of the best that their author has since written for the stage. As in "The Holiday Round" and "The Day's Play," perhaps a fifth of the book is dispassionately devoted to those agreeable and frivolous characters whose week-end and holiday adventures appear as clever as they are artificial. But the artificiality is English, and inimitably Milne. One would hate to think that Myra, for instance, has no counterpart in life.

An Oxford don once told me with conviction that he thought Mr. Milne had less "guts" than other *Punch* contributors (A. P. Herbert, in particular). Mr. Herbert's excellent war novel, "The Secret Battle," alone would establish that claim; but the question of guts as a form of literary stamina Mr. Herbert is the first to forget when he is in the vein of "The Man About Town." No one able to share the felicity of "When We Were Very Young" can possibly be insensitive to the measure of it that he will find in this other Dutton volume. The popularity in America of the Milne sketches will not likely rest on the quality, or lack of it, to which the Oxonian referred. Rather, it may be that American readers through American sources are not educated up to the peculiar and particular art which is "Once A Week." Mr. Milne has a leaning toward cricket, to be sure, but there is never anything else about him so formidably of England, English, that an American should be handicapped in either sympathy or understanding. It must remain for taste and inclination to decide. If the essay is "coming in" again in America, in his own quarter Mr. Milne should come in with it.

A number of verses by Mr. Milne, most of which appeared several years ago in "The Day's Play" and "The Sunny Side," were published early last summer by Methuen in London. There is now an American edition. These verses, none of them, are especially remarkable. Chesterton and Belloc have repeatedly done the same thing under an aspect of more genuine poetry. Poe would possibly have appreciated the rhythm of "The Ballad of Boastful John," and Byron the rhymes in it; and those who fancy cricket will find their fill of that. But there is not much else to remember, indeed, unless a verse or so from "The Two Visits:"

> The gods of old still gazed upon
> The scene where, thirty years agone,
> The lines of Bill and me and John
> Were cast in pleasant places;
> And "Friends," I murmured, "what's the odds
> If you are rather battered gods?
> This is no time for Ichabods
> and *eheu*—er—*fugaces*."

Seven Women

WIVES. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed By Lloyd Morris

THE latest results of Mr. Bradford's unflagging curiosity about the American past are embodied in the portraits of seven women who, as he asserts, "would probably have lived quiet, utterly unknown lives except for their masculine connections." The motto of the collection is gently ironical: "We women were the last of God's works: you feel that He was tired." It was a woman who made this observation. Had it been made by a man, she would probably have retorted that Deity perfected its technique by way of a prior experiment named Adam. If the specimens so admirably dissected by Mr. Bradford are to be considered fairly representative of divine lassitude, he can scarcely hope for a more generous verdict from the sex.

In this predominantly uxorial gallery, husbands achieve little more than the status of significant implications. Eve, as wife, one remembers, expressed an intimate biography of Adam by eating the apple. One explanation of her conduct is to be found in her matrimonial relations, and it is clearly evident that she was superior to both circumstances and her husband. So, apparently, were Mr. Bradford's heroines, of whom he remarks that "in every instance except that of Mrs. [illegible] one gets an indefinable sense of full equality with the husband, and in one or two instances a sense of decided superiority." Is it, one queries, because Mr. Bradford has made us perceive these husbands as they appeared to their wives? Is it because the wives were, in fact, exceptional women? Or is it because the state of matrimony is permanently conducive to conduct like Eve's which, in turn, is invariably agitating; even to Adam?

One thing is certain. Five of Mr. Bradford's sitters are indubitably more renumerative, upon acquaintance, than their masculine connections. One excepts Mrs. Lincoln, as does Mr. Bradford. One likewise excepts Theodosia Burr, who cannot be dissociated from her father. Mr. Bradford's portrait of Theodosia is, in effect, the portrait of a family group. But there is no choice between Mrs. Benedict Arnold and her disreputably vulgarian husband; between Dolly Madison and her irreproachable but dullish James; between Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Blaine and their husbands. And the passionate wistfulness of Mrs. Benjamin Butler is the only cogent excuse for remembering her husband at all. None of these women were in any fashion remarkable; circumstances gave all of them a transient distinction; curiosity alone provides them with a somewhat precarious immortality. In richness of human values, as contrasted with historical, one of them emerges magnificently. Sarah Butler, subtly introspective, hypersensitive, desperately striving for perfect union and identity with the beloved, desperately conscious of the impossibility of achieving it, is a character intimately moving; and Mr. Bradford's portrait of her has the eloquence of deliberate restraint. Deprived of her casual connection with historical episodes, Sarah Butler would remain in and of herself a tragic, significant, impressive figure. This cannot be said of her companions in the collection.

Mr. Bradford prefaces his portraits with a familiar and unpretentious essay on the æsthetics of biography which, despite the modesty of its tone, is a lucid, valuable statement of doctrine. One reads it with a sense of regret that the resources of Mr. Bradford's excellent craftsmanship have not been enlisted in the service of more impressive material.

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"Michael Field"

A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF MICHAEL FIELD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

KATHERINE BRADLEY and Edith Cooper, her niece, under their pseudonym "Michael Field," wrote poetry in quality and kind sufficiently unfamiliar to create a brief furore in England during the rather stagnant 'eighties. More than one famous name sealed the temporary popularity of their work. But the echoes of applause died away with suspicious suddenness when Michael Field's identity was discovered. To others besides Browning it must have been something of a shock to discover not only two authors instead of one, but also the sex of those authors. The contemporary timidity is easier to understand than the neglect of Michael Field during the subsequent thirty years. Now Miss Mary Sturgeon and Mr. T. Sturge Moore (himself a poet who has yet to come into his own) have collaborated to turn the scales of popular appreciation back again in the poets' favor. In many ways this is a kinder decade. Women poets are not, *ipso facto*, objects of suspicion to us as they were, generally, to the Victorians. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Sturge Moore in his rather garrulous preface did not hold his enthusiasm on a tighter rein. Literary comparisons are as odious as any others. Michael Field, at the best, did not surpass Landor as Mr. Sturge Moore would have it: nor would anybody, even though taken unawares, be likely to mistake a Michael Field poem for an Elizabethan poem, unless, of course, they lacked an eye and ear for Elizabethan verse.

> Ah, Eros does not always smite
> With cruel shining dart
> Whose bitter point with sudden might
> Rends the unhappy heart—
> O'er it sometimes the boy will deign
> Sweep the shaft's feathered end
> And friendship rises without pain
> Where the white plumes descend.

The spirit and the idiom of this are vitally different from those of Landor. In comparison with Landor's best it is "conscious", uneasy, awkward. Set it against "Dirce"—

> Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
> With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
> Lest Charon seeing should forget
> That he is old and she a shade.

These four lines are effortless: they read themselves: their subtlety is immeasurably superior to the dotted I's and crossed T's of the first poem: they are a masterpiece of literary economy. And the foregoing quotation from Michael Field illustrates the prevailing weakness of most of the poems in the book. The idea of the poem has not been adequately translated. It is not inevitably rememberable as such brief epigrammatic lyrics need to be to compete with the kind of poems which have made A. E. Housman and Landor famous. But it is Mr. Sturge Moore and not the present reviewer who disparages Michael Field, for by making such unfortunate and unnecessary comparisons in his introduction Mr. Sturge Moore begs the question and tends to distract attention from his real purpose.

That purpose deserves our closest sympathy and support. We recommend our readers to buy the book as an act of grace and justice to two women who lived well, died nobly, and wrote beautifully. They have fared well at the hands of the little band of enthusiasts, headed by Mr. Sturge Moore and Mr. Harold Monro, which has put the name of Michael Field and the best of his poems into such handsome print. The poems furnished one of the most peculiar instances in literary history of astonishing collaboration, especially because the best of Michael Field's work takes the essentially personal lyric form. The fact that two people, however intimate, could produce impassioned and beautiful lyrics, challenges many generally accepted ideas as to the nature of a poet's emotional integrity. Can two minds feel as one? Or having felt so can they express themselves as one? The answer would involve a whole volume of criticism in the course of which it might be necessary to narrow down the definition of a lyric poem to such dimensions as would exclude everything in the book under review. But, lyric or not, two women became one poet in Michael Field.

The Bowling Green

Memoranda

WHEN a ship comes in from sea, and lies in a foreign harbor with a tender or pilot-boat under her side, the passenger leans over the rail listening with keen attention to those anonymous voices. It is as near as he ever comes to the comprehending detachment of a ghost or a god that walks secretly among men. The strange stillness of the vessel, after days of tremble and swing, is uncanny; and also it is dark, so all you know of this outland port is the eloquent sparkle of lighthouses and the distant brightness of a town. Even there, though it is "abroad," supper is on the table, children are going to bed, and the universal human law is in operation, viz. that people prefer to be amused. When the *Caronia* was at Plymouth one September evening I hark-ened sharply for the first English voice from the tender *Sir Richard Grenville*. The travelling ear, exempt for a few weeks from all familiar hubbubs, takes with thrilling significance these altruist fragments of sound. Overhearing is so much more enigmatic than hearing. Conrad described at the end of the "Personal Record" the first English words he ever heard in their native use, when he was a boy in a French pilot-boat alongside a British tramp. They were "Look out, there," growled by some seaman in the dark. The first words I heard at Plymouth were of the same gruff practical sort. "Make that line fast forrard."

I have not forgotten the first French I ever heard on French soil. It was in 1912 when another youngster and I were debarking from a small cargo-steamer at Boulogne: I heard a stevedore cry out "Ce n'est pas la même chose!" There was a queer sing-song cadence in his way of saying it. I can still recognize in my memory his bearded and rather messianic face; he uttered the words, evidently, as a witty retort to something one of his mates had said. To me they were the best of wit, unforgettable, for they brought home to me how many "foreigners" there are in the world.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A short story in two chapters, translated from two items found in the back pages of Paris newspapers, illustrating the vogue in France of M. Paul Morand, the entertaining author of "Tendres Stocks," "Ouvert La Nuit," "L'Europe Galante," etc.

I

These latter days M. Jean Frégy, manufacturer of 6 rue de Bourgogne, was called on by a gentleman with decorations who announced himself as M. Bachmann, a lawyer, and asked to buy an automobile which he had seen advertised in a newspaper. The bargain having been discussed, seller and purchaser took a long drive together to try out the car. In the evening they were returning from Versailles when at the Black Bridge, near Saint-Cloud, the lawyer stopped the car to pick up his cap, which, he said, had blown off. While both men were looking for it, the pseudo-lawyer leapt suddenly into the car and decamped at full speed. The police are looking for the swindler.

II

They have just arrested at Fécamp the audacious malefactor who, on Tuesday evening, near the bridge at Saint-Cloud, under circumstances that we have related, made off with the automobile of M. Jean Frégy, business man in Paris, 6 rue de Bourgogne.

He had put up at a hotel under the name of Paul Morand, author, and had already succeeded in borrowing 400 francs. In spite of his first denials he was shown to be lying, and finally admitted his identity as René Jules Eugène Brisard, born 16 July, 1896, at Puteaux. He added that before stealing M. Frégy's car he had tried to swindle M. Bachmann, a Paris lawyer, of 2000 francs. He was wanted by the courts of Dieppe, Havre, Coutances, Paris, and Versailles.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In a compartment on the P. L. M. railway, carried smoothly along through the grey and golden chequer of a day striped with showers and sunbursts. The snug little house on wheels, the napkins crocheted with PLM over the upholstered seats, blue curtains at the windows, the various enamel signs: *Il est dangereux de se pencher en dehors* (which always seems to me very unidiomatic French: I hanker for *C'est* rather than *il est*) and *Ne laissez pas les enfants jouer avec la serrure* (which always appeals to me as so excellent a motto for The Church). The station of La Rocke-Migennes (La Roche-McGinnis, the Caliph calls it) where you flit out for sandwiches and a bottle of Chablis labelled *2fr. 50 à consommer sur place, 3 fr. 50 pour emporter*, and admire the great poplars and the canal behind the *gare*. That afternoon, after we passed those marvellous masses of thick plushy trees all velvetted together along the skirts of Fontainebleau forest, I observed, at Brunoy, an inn called *Au Berçeau d'Anacreon*. This pleased me, and set me thinking of my friend Archie MacLeish, the poet, whom I had known in Normandy. I had no notion whether he was still in France, or where. Anacreon's Cradle, I said to myself, would be a grand place for us two to foregather and orchestrate a few beakers. I am telling you only the truth when I say that a few days later, in Paris, I met a mutual friend of whom I asked "Monsieur MacLeish, ou demeure-t-il maintenant?" The answer was, He is living at Brunoy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

List of Prohibitions in the bedroom of a small hotel on the Place de la Sorbonne:—

All degradations in the rooms are at the charge of the guest. It is forbidden: to do cooking in the rooms, to wash linen, to branch any apparatus on the electric canalization and to modify in whatever it may be the existing installations, to introduce any animal or to make cooking come in from outside.

Some time ago I raised the question whether the translator of Maurois's delightful "Ariel" had merely retranslated M. Maurois's French version of Shelley's letters and sayings, or had taken the conscientious course of verifying the original English. This point, which is of prime importance to any intelligent reader, apparently had not been discussed. M. Maurois writes very charmingly to say that "The translator took great pains to hunt in the letters and works of Shelley what he had actually written. I helped her as well as I could, and I don't think there are many mistakes."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Certainly the most thrilling single event in our visit in London was Barry Jackson's production of Hamlet in modern dress; and if the New York presentation is as cunningly directed you may look forward to huge enjoyment. The effect is not, as some have anticipated, farcical; on the contrary well-fed Londoners in the stalls forgot to smoke in their absorption. Undistracted by irrelevant trappings the mind discerns endless unsuspected suggestions in the piece. It was no longer a dear old charade punctuated with incredible splendors of ranted verse; as directed by Sir Barry Jackson, in the quietest of conversational tones, it became not a spectacle but an intuition. It was interesting to note that while Hamlet was perfectly contemporary, Ophelia seemed unreal: women have moved much faster than men lately, and one could not quite digest this young person's obedience to the snipe-minded Polonius. The real excitement, though, was the new feeling that the play is not, as so many professors have tried to persuade us, a solitary monument of prodigy that can never happen again; so performed it enters into the great flow of contemporary drama and you can quite well see that as great a piece may be written tomorrow, if you can find a dramatist *naïf* enough. My own first thought was that I can never again see it done any other way. Jackson's production made it not a curiosity but what Shakespeare intended it to be, a parable of the life every man knows but will not admit.

A friend suggests that the proper caper for the New York opening would be a box-party whose members would appear in Elizabethan garb.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Next memorable after Shakespeare and Jackson's "Hamlet," and perhaps not altogether different in its intimations, was seeing a distinguished-looking elderly man, in a cutaway coat and holding himself very erect and proud, playing a street-organ in the Strand. On his instrument was a sign saying that he is a former guardsman, willing to accept any honorable employment that may be offered.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books for Children

Folk-Tale Collections

WONDER TALES OF OLD JAPAN. By B. L. K. HENDERSON and C. CALVERT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

SHEN OF THE SEA. By ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.50.

THE GOLDEN PORCH. By W. M. L. HUTCHINSON. New York: Longsmans, Green & Co. 1925.

OLD SWEDISH FAIRY TALES. By ANNA WAHLENBERG. Translated by Antoinette DeC. Patterson. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 1925. $3.

THE FLAME TREE. By ROSETTA BASKERVILLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

NAVAHO TALES. By WILLIAM WHITMAN, 3rd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $1.75.

WONDER TALES OF ANCIENT SPAIN. By B. L. K. HENDERSON and C. CALVERT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

CROATIAN TALES OF LONG AGO. IV. By BERLIC-MAZURANIC. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $3.

ROUND THE WORLD IN FOLK TALES. By RACHEL M. FLEMING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

CHILDREN are being much encouraged nowadays towards a vogue for folk-tales. If I were not already aware of this I should need only to look at the pile of books before me; at a random glance one would say that nearly every country in the world is represented,—and this in one autumn list. There is, however, a sound underlying idea. The life of the mysterious beings at the other end of that theoretical tunnel to China is one of the first things to pique the imagination of a small child. Are they like himself? Are they quite different? What do they do? What do they wear? And think?—and say? Here is information really wanted. Give it in story form,—that is, dramatically and concretely,—and education in the best sense of the word is begun. So let us have folk-tales by all means; let us tunnel in every direction. But interesting they must be if children are really to read them, and possessed of the authentic atmosphere of their sources if the reading is to be of value.

Having these two potential virtues in mind, then, out of this group of books I should commend four, the Japanese, Chinese, Greek, and Swedish, as being most successful in both respects. The others are good in one way or another, but these are head and shoulders above the rest in the roundness of their appeal.

The Japanese collection escapes the oversophistication which our children are apt to find in many stories of this race, and carries a good balance of true Japanese quality and genuine appeal, through stories that are well rounded as to plot, delightfully illustrated (by Constance Rowlands), and of just the size to achieve a sense of completeness and yet retain the attention of rather young readers. Quaintness, real interest, and charm may be claimed both for this and for the Chinese collection, "Shen of the Sea," which has also another quality not so often found in folk-tales—a humor that is very engaging. These Chinese stories are hung upon short, picturesque plots told in an odd blend of American nonsense and Chinese seriousness, which is whimsical and delightful. So also are the charming silhouettes which form Else Hasselriis's illustrations. These are wonderfully in tone with the book and a genuine contribution to its success.

Merely to pass from these Oriental pictures and situations to the dignified and simple clarity of the set of Greek fairy tales from Pindar, "The Golden Porch," might very well begin to form in a child's mind a conception of the meaning of that quite adult word "classic," and of many of the actual characteristics of Greek life and thought. These are largely a free translation, with suitable framework supplied and skilfully woven into an artistic and satisfying whole. Decorative and imaginative illustrations by Dugald Walker add to the real distinction of the book. Some of the stories are of course familiar, at least to a grown-up, although told here at greater length than usual. All are poetic and full of the marvels which the Greeks delighted to believe in. These may be "Greek myths" to us, but for a child they will be pleasant fairy-tales with poetry and imagination in their very essence.

My fourth blue ribbon goes to a large and beautiful volume, "Old Swedish Fairy Tales." In atmosphere they are a wide leap from what we have been sketching, but the children will shut their eyes and plunge with satisfaction. A few titles will indicate the nature of the stories: "The Singing Bell;" "The Forest's Foster Daughter;" "The Sugar Temple;" "The Young Count's Heart," and so on. Their plots, although brief, seem to me varied, distinctive, and interesting. Yet they retain all the needed simplicity since they are neither too fantastic nor too involved. The illustrations, by Jeannette Berkowitz, always quaint and often droll, are an additional entertainment.

Of the remainder of our nine books two, the Uganda and the Navaho tales, seem to me valuable chiefly as being out of the ordinary rather than wholly successful from a child's point of view. The short African stories are told with little imaginative style, largely about animals, with an almost La Fontaine-like quality (minus the moral deductions). They render an accounting for traditions rather than a picture of customs and life, which a child will perceive more in the illustrations than in the text. But the scene of the book is unusual and well worth developing. The Navaho stories also will bring few vivid pictures of native life to the reader, for they are devoted to Indian mythology. This in itself invites no objection, if it were not that long, rambling, inconsequential plots are involved in picturing the obscure beliefs in many mystic worlds one above another, inhabited by strange gods, giants, wizards and enchanted animals. The legends have been carefully preserved and translated, however, and even if an appeal to younger children is missing, there is an authentic value for the more thoughtful among the older ones. The illustrations, by John P. Heins, are striking and imaginative and will help to create a bizarre and fantastic atmosphere.

The Spanish and Croatian collections, particularly the former, are in plot less characteristic of any special country than one would expect. They are good adventure stories, packed with transformations, always with happy endings, and well and simply told. The Croatian ones, made into a beautiful book with both colored plates and line drawings by, Vladimir Kirin, are too diffuse and wandering but have a more individual quality, in scene if not in plot, pursuing their woodsmen, fishermen, princesses, gnomes, and dragons through forest, mountain, and water life.

One other book, written on a different plan, must be included here,—a "round-the-world" collection; an unpretentious, and straightforward attempt to do a difficult thing—to construct a picture of a race or country from one story. The author would have helped herself materially by a much greater differentiation of style in writing the various tales and in several cases by a selection that would have been more essentially characteristic of the country. To cover this lack of emphasis her introductory notes should be used to point out distinctive features, in conjunction, also, with the illustrations. The span covered is large, including several unusual contributions such as the Australian and Egyptian, and the book was well worth doing.

Now that our tales are told, are there a few elements of thought or style that make for unity in all this highly itemized material? Four at least fall easily into place as parts of what must therefore be to some extent the universal thought of all races. First the constant use of the magic transformation to achieve the purpose of either hero or villain; does this not represent a cosmic Desire To Be Other Than What One Is? Secondly, the quite customary participation of animals in the speech and life of man (was there ever a fairy-tale animal who could not talk?)—which I should call the Great Recognition: are we after all so far removed . . . ? Thirdly, the desire of a couple for a child, to secure which they pledge anything or everything,—foundation of countless plots. For which no interpretation is needed. And finally the frequent tendency of thought to fall into instructive epigrams, whether simple or profound. Is this not a Storing Of Wisdom For The Race?—if not the inheritance then at least the maintenance of acquired characteristics? These are fairly simple observations to make upon material so varied in content and in date, representing such cycles of human life both real and imagined. But if there is after all some sort of universal pulse, perhaps the folk-tale offers one way of putting a transient finger upon it.

For the Youngest

CHARLIE AND HIS COAST GUARDS. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $1.25.

LITTLE DOG READY AT HOME. By MABEL F. STRYKER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. $1.75.

THE LITTLE LOST PIGS. By HELEN FULLER ORTEN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1925. $1.25.

TALES THAT NIMKO TOLD. By MARY BRECHT PULVER. Century. $1.50.

Reviewed by EVA VON B. HANSL

AS "JUVENILES" are written for children to read, does it not seem only fair to the authors to have children pass judgment on them? For how else can we determine if the author has succeeded in accomplishing what he set out to do? Children have little or no critical judgment, to be sure; they have formed few, if any, literaria criteria but they do know a good yarn from a poor one, they do recognize sincerity and sham and they know, too, what they want in the way of fun and nonsense and decent behavior in their heroes.

With this premise, I turned the four little books which the editors sent me over to my children and some of their friends for review. The reactions are theirs—the opinions mine!

Three of these four little books are "repeaters"—that is, they are written in the familiar vein by veteran authors about characters already known to their readers. There is, for instance, "Charlie and His Coast Guards", a sequel to "Charlie and His Kitten Topsy" and "Charlie and His Puppy Bingo" by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell. As Charlie grows up, his readers are evidently expected to do likewise, for this book, I find, requires of its readers a more mature (if one may use so big a term for so slight an advance in pre-school years) intelligence and more socially advanced interests than its predecessors. It is a wise author who takes his growing audience with him! This is what my son calls "an important book" because it is full of facts about boats, buoys, sailors' knots and hitches; full of facts about coast-guard stations and the ways of the sea and the men who follow the sea. It is full of delicious nautical terms which are great fun to bandy about, more fun, even, than the naughty terms picked up on land!

The author of "Little Dog Ready at Home," Mabel F. Stryker, also takes her readers along with her. "It's so much better to have him at home," said my eight-year-old daughter, "because he isn't always getting lost and sick as he did in the other book. I do wish it wouldn't stop so soon. I'd like it to go on and on —"which is about as high a degree of praise as an eight-year-old can give. To which this carping old adult adds a horrid "BUT"—the author occasionally descends to a sort of satire on grown-up institutions and foibles, such as club-meetings and small-town weeklies. It is a jolly little book, however, about a very real little dog whom any child might covet.

If the plot's the thing, then we commend to you, without any "buts" or "ifs", the very simple and most exciting story of "The Little Lost Pigs," by Helen Fuller Orten, whose "Summer on Cloverfield Farm" we have read no less than five times. The book would be worth having in the juvenile library if for no other reason than to be able to look at the all-inclusive map of the little pigs' world, with its round-about horizon of puffy white clouds in a sky of bluest blue by Luxor Price.

We are not, as a family, so wholehearted in our commendation of "Tales that Nimko Told," by Mary Brecht Pulver, who made them up, first, for her own little boy, as many of them have no more distinction than the jingles any of us might invent for home consumption. Some of the tales are inspired by a delicious fancy, however, and the illustrations by Mary Sherwood Wright are almost irresistible.

A Shelf of Boys' Books

TWO standard writers for boys are *Ralph Henry Barbour* and *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* The former's latest production, "Barry Locke: Halfback" (Century. $1.75) is entirely characteristic, dealing with natural likeable boys at prep school, and with athletics, in Mr. Barbour's characteristic, graphic style. Mr. Scoville's adventure tale, "The Red Diamond" (Century. $1.75), recalls the success of his former venture in this vein, "The Inca Emerald." Here are the heroes of the preceding book off on a new and exciting quest. Both Mr. Barbour's and Mr. Scoville's yarns appeared serially in *St. Nicholas*, and a young gentleman of our acquaintance, aged eleven, was a strong rooter for both tales.

Violet Irwin again collaborates with the great explorer, *Vilhjalmur Stefansson*, in "The Shaman's Revenge" (Macmillan. $2). Here is drama of the far North involving explorers, whalers, police officers, and Eskimos. Like the former "Kak, the Copper Eskimo" it is a story containing both humor and excitement. *Elmer Russell Gregor*, the author of a string of Indian stories, tells, in "The Medicine Buffalo" (Appleton. $1.75) of the young chief, White Otter, and pictures vividly an Indian warrior's life in the wilderness. "Pirates of the Delaware" (Lippincott. $2), by *Rupert Sargent Holland*, another writer whose name is familiar to boys, opens in Philadelphia of a century ago. There is plenty of action, and fighting aboard a rakish schooner. And *A. May Holaday*, in "On the Sidelines" (Century. $1.75) tells a breezy story of college life on the Pacific Coast.

Joseph Gollomb has gained commendation with his "Lincoln High" series, and "Tuning In at Lincoln High" (Macmillan. $1.75), the latest of these, is a tale of school life in New York City, and of the development of a boy's character in a big high school. "Clearport Boys" by *Joseph B. Ames* (Century. $1.75) is officially approved by the Boy Scouts of America and much of the action takes place in a Scout Camp. In "Midshipmen All" (Appleton. $1.75), *Fitzhugh Green*, a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, gives us the second of a series of stories of Annapolis life. His book bears a foreword by *Rear Admiral Sims*. And, faring further afield, "Grip and I", by *Count Nils Cornstedt* (Doubleday, Page. $1.75), tells of the adventures in Nigeria of "Grip," a thoroughbred bull-terrier.

Kenneth Payson Kempton wrote "Phantom Gold" and has a predilection for sea-stories. In "Red Eagle Island" (Century. $1.75) he brings in the sea off the coast of Maine. His characters are "Down-easters", and just can't stay ashore. This is a thoroughly interesting and wholesome yarn. "The Measure of a Boy," by *Walter H. Nichols* (Macmillan. $2) is a seuel to "Trust a Boy!," in which the same boys have another adventure,—this time on the Great Salt Lake. And, to conclude, "Sid Turner, Fire Guard" (Doubleday, Page. $1.75), by *James Howard Hull*, is a story very informative concerning the forestry service and the life of a forest ranger by one who was one himself. In this workmanlike yarn one learns a deal about fighting fires, breaking trails, timber cruising, and surveying.

Boy Scouts and others of their age who are not members of their organization will find much to entertain them in the eleventh volume of the "Boy Scouts Year Book," edited by Franklin K. Mathiews (Appleton. $2.50.) A compilation of stories, poems, informative articles, and illustrations taken largely from *Boys' Life*, it contains among other interesting features tales by Albert Payson Terhune, Rafael Sabantini, Ralph Henry Barbour, and S. S. Dunne, to name but a few of its fiction writers, and brief expositions by such experts in their fields as Anthony Fiala, Douglas Fairbanks, Archibald Rutledge, and Horace Kephart.

In "Songs for Youth" (Doubleday, Page. $2.50) Kipling has selected from his "Collected Verse" those poems he believes to have an especial appeal to the young. The book is illustrated in color by Leo Bates. The old songs and ballads have not lost their tang. The selection is good, well-chosen and well-arranged. Such great staves as "The Ballad of East and West", "The Last Chantey", and "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas" should be in every child's rightful heritage of true poetry. And a score of others.

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Books of Special Interest

New Light on Milton

MILTON MAN AND THINKER. By DENIS SAURAT. New York: The Dial Press. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by RAYMOND D. HAVEN
Johns Hopkins University

THE theological . . . part of 'Paradise Lost,'" writes Aldous Huxley, "is now so ludicrous that we ignore it altogether . . . Milton means for us a collection of isolated passages . . . hanging like musical stars in the lap of nothing." It is to combat such superficial and romantic impressions as these that M. Saurat has written his decidedly original book. "Human thought," he maintains, "has not left Milton behind, and has still to revere in him, as well as the marvellous poet, the profound thinker."

To prove his point, he traces the growth of Milton's ideas showing how they were affected by his life, how the disappointment in Mary Powell and later in the Commonwealth caused him to lose faith in most of mankind, threw him back on God alone and gave to "Paradise Lost" "that vital and impassioned interest which makes of it more than a work of art, the ultimate question of man interrogating destiny." For it was because life had brought vividly before him the flourishing of the wicked and the apparent failure of the righteous that he sought to "justify the ways of God to man" in his epic. M. Saurat performs a real service in surveying the entire body of Milton's writings, both prose and verse, for light on his character and life and on his ideas of God, of Christ, of matter, of free-will, women, divorce, politics, and the like. He then examines, much less effectively, the greater poems in relation to these ideas and traces the development of the story of the Fall, discusses Milton's indebtedness to the Fathers (particularly Augustine), to the "Zohar" (a thirteenth-century Spanish compilation of non-orthodox Jewish traditions), to the medical mystic, Robert Fludd (1574-1637), and to a pamphlet, "Man's Mortality" (1643) which maintains that the soul dies with the body and is resurrected at the day of judgment. In his discussion of sources, as in many other parts of his book, M. Saurat is breaking new ground. He adds a useful bibliography, with comments, of works on Milton published since 1917.

M. Saurat is a French *docteur és lettres* who writes idiomatic English although his bumpy, bumptious style probably makes him appear more cocksure than he is. He remarks, for example, that Milton "has no skill in creating character" and he tells us, solely on the basis of six lines in "Paradise Lost," "It can therefore be asserted that Milton has derived from the 'Zohar' his philosophical system"—an astonishing assertion in view of Milton's enormous reading, of his indebtedness to Greek, Latin, and other Hebrew authors, and of the slightness of the evidence that he made use of the "Zohar." M. Saurat is a special pleader who, in his endeavor to prove a point, does not always give heed to the context or to the natural interpretation of a passage. It is at least doubtful whether in the line

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born!

the "offspring of Heav'n first-born" is the Son and not simply light. He is prone to draw large conclusions from meager data as when he assumes that Milton revised the 1655 edition of "Man's Mortality;" that, in his first marriage, "he must have been carried away solely by physical passion;" and that his wife "refused herself to him." Mr. Saurat's desire for novelty is shown in his omitting from his long section entitled "The Sources" all the sources usually considered and in his attributing the poet's blindness to hereditary syphilis. Good taste as well as sound scholarship dictate that such a theory as this last should not be advanced unless supported by convincing evidence. Yet medical specialists who have read this part of the book characterize it as "absurd." "The evidence at hand," one of them writes, "is insufficient for any one to determine the cause of Milton's blindness . . . but there is no reason to emphasize syphilis as a more probable cause than a dozen others." M. Saurat is temperamentally lacking in a sympathetic understanding of some of the conflicting elements in Milton's character. He overlooks the important part that submission to the will of God plays in the poet's thought and, indeed, seems to have little realization of what a tremendous dynamic religion was in Milton's life. Otherwise he would hardly have written: "In Milton himself the feeling for personal independence is much stronger than religious zeal," or "Genesis 2:7 is perhaps the most important passage of the Bible for Milton."

Yet M. Saurat has written a provocative and valuable book; he has read widely, has worked hard, and he offers many new ideas. These are bound to be attacked and not a few of them will go down under attack; others will be modified. But they will stimulate thought and investigation in new directions, and will lead to a better understanding of Milton.

A Historical Study

THE METAPHYSICAL FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN PHYSICAL SCIENCE. By EDWIN ARTHUR BURTT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $5.

LET no "plain man" be scared away from this admirable volume by the damnable word metaphysical in its title. For here is a most illuminating treatise, written in a simple and forthright style that implies the clear (if not startlingly original) thinking of the author. And—one of the rarest and most utterly-to-be-desired elements in a philosophical work—the text is shot through with a carefree humor which is excellent warrant that the author, while obviously in earnest, yet does not take himself or his subject with too owlish a seriousness. Here's a writer to read with joy and thanksgiving, even though the reader should disagree with him at every point!

But there is no danger of any such thoroughgoing disagreement. This is, primarily, an historical study, and the author knows his facts. He finds that the last three centuries have witnessed a complete *volte face* in cosmological thought; that whereas the world up to the time of Copernicus was dominated by Aristotelian empiricism and all men believed that *homo sapiens* on his little flat earth was the center, indeed the whole *raison d'être*, of creation, the new astronomy taught by Copernicus, the novel mathematics of Kepler, and the dynamics of Galileo had given rise to a mathematico-mechanical philosophy which looked upon the "real" world as a world of mathematically measurable motions in space and time, a world in which our planet was no longer the central figure nor Man the be-all and the end-all here; and then he shows how Boyle and Newton labored to restore man's dignity in the universe. Of course, all this is not put forward as a series of original discoveries; but the author's originality does appear in his able tracing of the various painful steps in this slow change, and in his acute understanding of and lively sympathy with these thinkers in their titanic wrestle. Especially to be commended are his splendid section on Newton's Method, his summary of the proper function of modern metaphysics, and his delightfully fresh and original last chapter.

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A Letter from Paris

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

AN unusually interesting book on "Marcel Proust: Sa Vie, Son Œuvre" (Kra) is by Léon Pierre-Quint. Enthusiastic about Proust's eleven volumes of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," a close student of his work for years, M. Pierre-Quint has supplemented his studies with investigation among Proust's friends. Yet he does not claim, as he explains, that his work is complete, for Proust's correspondence has not yet been published and time is required for the emergence of all the facts concerning his life. But the average reader will be quite content with the present volume, which includes an important study of Proust's style and an inquiry into his pathological version of certain aspects of humanity which he scientifically classed as "incurable disease." Proust was born in the Boulevard Malesherbes, near the Madeleine, in an apartment situated on the first floor of the building, many of the windows giving on the rue de Surènes. At nine years of age he suffered his first attack of asthma, of which he was never cured, and which eventually made him an invalid living in a cork-lined room, to exclude noise, and receiving his friends in the [illegible] hours in which he could breathe adequately. M. Pierre-Quint points out that nothing can be deduced especially from the fact that Proust's mother was a Jewess, since Spinoza's intellectualism and Bergson's intuitionalism both entered into his development—Bergson, to whom he was related by marriage, having the more powerful influence. Proust was brought up a Catholic, like his father, who was an eminent physician. It is not surprising, then, that no religious bias of any sort appears in his work. The account of his social life is very entertaining. His extreme interest in all kinds of apparently frivolous facts as to what fashionable women wore, how they shook hands, what was the correct salute of the moment. But every fact was an element of study in his remarkable characterizations. His patience, his perseverence and—considering his suffering—his courage were inexhaustible.

* *

The *Nouvelle Revue Française* published recently a volume of "Calligrammes" by the late Guillaume Apollinaire, whose influence goes on despite difference of opinion about his work. He belongs on one side to the old French tradition of Villon, of Verlaine, and the unknown poets who wrote the "Pont d'Avignon," "Clair de Lune," etc. Take, for instance, this:

As-tu connu Guy au galop
Du temps qu'il était militaire?
As-tu connu Guy au galop
Du temps qu'il était artiflot
A la guerre?

A critic remarks that at the basis of Apollinaire's work is found "the best groundwork: knowledge of the ancients, knowledge of folklore, knowledge of the human heart."

C. F. Ramuz, the well-known French Swiss writer, publishes two novels:: "Joie dans le Ciel" (Grasset) and "L'Amour du Monde" (Plon). "Joie dans le Ciel" opens with the curious spectacle of the dead of a small village emerging from their tombs at the resurrection, one by one, recognizing one another with amazement and pleasure, and resuming their ordinary lives as naturally as if they had never died, but with this immense difference, that all sorrow and trouble are banished and their old homes, familiar and now happy, have become their heaven. The tale is told by one of them, and his language is that of a peasant, savory with provincialisms. The style resembles that of a prose poem, suggesting much reading of Claudel by the author. This produces a peculiar effect suitable to the theme and is not without charm, but becomes tiresome if read long at a time. The author's power of imagination is remarkable, especially his gift for evoking at times a vague wonder and fear. As a story the narrative weakens a bit at the end.

Jacques de Lacretelle's novel "La Bonifas" (*Nouvelle Revue Française*) is markedly successful; even Albert Thibaudet inclines to the opinion that it is "the book of the year." It is the story of Marie Bonifas, a woman who should have been a man, who had too much of the man in her to be a "normal" woman. She had happened to inherit the qualities of her father, a rough and rather brutal officer in the army. Because of her violence she had been expelled from boarding-school; but her behavior during the German occupation of "Vermont" had proved her a heroine. In spite of her strange qualities she lived chastely and never married. The author foresaw criticism of his portrayal of this peculiar character, and has taken pains to forestall it by a careful development of every point that might be questioned. His subject was difficult to handle, but his mastery is evident and the book absorbing. His previous novel "Silbermann," which took the Prix Femina in 1922, was also a distinguished success.

A new play by Henri Ghéon appears in the series "Le Roseau d'Or" (Plon). Its title, "Le Comédien et la Grâce," refers to the conviction of the hero, an actor, to religious faith—an episode founded upon the sudden conversion of the actor, Genest, while he was playing the part of a Christian martyr. This play was submitted to the troupe of the Comédie Française, was read to them by Ghéon himself (who is also an actor), and made a strong emotional impression. Nevertheless, an objection arose:

We are living in the XVII century. We must take into account the public of today. Well, the public of today does not know what *grace* is; how, then, could you expect it to be interested? This modern pessimism carried the day against the author, who had the disappointment of seeing his play rejected by the national theatre. For this drama M. Ghéon has taken his idea from Rotrou's tragedy of "Saint-Genest" (1646) which was based, in its turn, upon historical facts of a still older date.

Certain French critics regard Pierre Mille as the best French *conteur* since Maupassant. He writes with originality, unexpectedness, effective rapidity, and in highly colored prose that sometimes produces the effect of strangeness. His "Dix-sept Histoires Merveilleuses" (Cl. Aveline), published last March, were much appreciated, and are now followed by "Le Diable au Sahara" (Michel). Mille is a great traveler and freely uses local color.

"Longworth Chambrun," who is the Comtesse de Chambrun, sister of Nicholas Longworth, has published a novel "La Nouvelle Desdémone" (Plon), the scenes of which are set in Washington in 1912 and represent diplomatic circles at the time. The hero of Madame de Chambrun's tale is Duke Desmond de Troy, attaché at Washington, where he meets and marries a beautiful Virginian without fortune, Oriel Arden. The story develops a tragedy around incidents of ill-founded jealousy created by enemies, and is well told, with vivid characterization. The author has made her intellectual mark in France, and has taken a doctor's degree from the Sorbonne.

Unpublished letters of Diderot's, written to his "grande amie" Sophie Volland, are now collected in a biographical volume by M. Paul Ledieu under the title "Diderot et Sophie Volland" (P. Ledieu). The large Diderot edition published by Assézat and Maurice Tourneux contained many of the 552 letters of this correspondence, but not all, and the present volume supplies some of the deficit. These are far from ordinary love letters. As Diderot himself says in a letter to Sophie dated July 14, 1762, "Mes lettres sont une histoire assez fidéle de la vie". So we find in them, besides the most varied reflections of passion, anecdotes of Diderot's contemporaries, descriptions of nature written in wonderful style, a few doubtful narratives, and meditations upon the most elevated moral sentiments.

Charles F. Heartman of Metuchen, N. J., who has made a national reputation for his American sales, has undertaken the editorial management and publication of *The Americana Collector*, a monthly magazine of Americana lore and bibliography, the first number of which appeared in October. The editor discusses "Americana;" Henry Lewis Bullen writes about "Isaiah Thomas," the first in a series of articles about "Famous American Printers;" a "Eulogy of Inspector-General Coste" is annotated by Earl Gregg Swem; "An Historical Ballad of the Proceedings at Philadelphia, May 24th and 25th, 1779," written by a loyalist who happened to be passing through the city at that time on the way southward to New York; there are two pages of newly discovered issues about "The New England Primer;" a sketch about "Joseph F. Sabin," the first in a series, Famous American Booksellers; "Contribution towards a Bibliography of Richard Le Gallienne," by R. J. C. Lingel, and the editor contributes a department entitled "Comments and Arguments." This number has been well planned, well printed, and illustrated, and is a noteworthy addition to the periodicals published for collectors.

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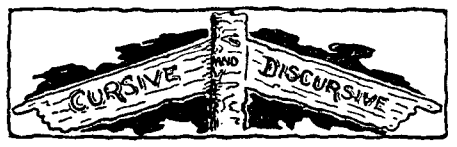

The Young Idea

SAID the Nipper, "Do you believe she just fell asleep or that it was the fairies?" I had finished reading "Amelia and the Dwarfs" to Rose and the Nipper, respectively ten and eight, and now I was herding them upstairs because it was past eight o'clock. "Oh, as for me," I replied deprecatingly, "I am sure it was fairies." "Yes," mused Rose, "I think it was fairies too." "But I always thought—that poor old man—" she went on conversationally, "He wanted so to dance; *couldn't* Amelia have danced with him before she went home, even if she *had* found the four-leaf clover?" She referred, of course, to the particular dwarf or fairy who helped Amelia mend the broken things.

Children are always unexpected. They say that today children are far more sophisticated than before, and can't abide fairies. Knowing these two quite modern children I have never found that the matter bothered them at all. By saying that you really didn't believe in fairies you would not shatter any childish illusion of theirs, but, on the other hand, they prefer to believe that elves are entirely possible. So many things in our modern day are entirely possible, nay actual, that those of an older generation, for instance, would have gawked at in disbelief! Being more or less city children, they are entirely familiar with the idea of "L"s and Subways, having ridden on both,—with the flight of elevators up and down in twenty and thirty story buildings,—with airplanes in the sky and submarines in the sea,—with the voice of the radio which recently rang and reechoed through a hotel lobby they happened to be in, giving a vociferous account of the World Series. It sounded like the "Fee, fo, fi, fum, I smell the blood of a Cornishman!" of the giant of my own childhood. But *they* never turned a hair. It was no more to them than the singsong of an old-time train announcer. . . . .

They are familiar, on the other hand, with grown-up rationalistic arguments of the day. These do not much affect them. Rose takes literature very seriously. It needs broad farce to excite her laughter. Humorous subtlety for the most part goes past both girls. They adore the books of drawings by H. M. Bateman, of which they have been fortunate enough to possess several. One is now in shreds and another is rapidly going. Bateman's subtleties get by them, but the fantastic grotesqueness of the development of his pictures in series holds them enthralled. The vacuum cleaner that began by sucking in bric-a-brac about the house, and, removed to the street, finally ended by devouring an entire bus and a charging cordon of policeman simply fascinates them. In this they are perhaps true children of the mechanical ingenuity of the Age. Nothing should be impossible to a modern vacuum cleaner! They have conned the advertisements which form so large a part of the reading-matter of modern magazines and have perceived staggering claims made for almost every type of product. Rose often propounds interesting mechanical matters. "Dad, suppose there was a pulley fastened to one house and a pulley fastened to another house and there was a wire——." That sort of thing. Her conceptions are often shaky as to detail but always large and Wellsian in scheme. She also believes in collectivism and the abolishing of wealth, as I discovered the other day. "Why do they have money? I should think if everyone just did a thing and then went and took what someone else did when they needed it, it would be a good thing."

We were passing a real old blacksmith shop in a certain Connecticut village. "Suppose that blacksmith just went out whenever a horse came by that needed blacksmithing and did it and didn't charge anything for it, and then he went to the bakery if he was hungry and got a loaf of bread and didn't pay anything for it—and I don't see why if each one did his thing,—and then I could walk into a store and get anything I wanted to eat, and go into *that* house maybe and eat it in that dining room, and then walk out—"

"Page Sidney Webb!" I said to myself. But to Rose I began to make a lame explanation about the necessity for a medium of exchange and the growth of modern commerce out of primitive barter, and so on. I perceive that she is going to be a young lady fond of speculative philosophy.

The Nipper is not so speculative. She is a realist and accepts life as she finds it with stoical pessimism. She has a rather remarkable Red Indian quality in her about physical pain and a bit of mockery is mixed with her occasional demonstrativeness. Sometimes necessitously disagreeable things happen to her that must just be put up with. A year ago she had to have her tonsils out, and a cousin remarked, after the operation, that *her* little brother had his out but *she*, as yet, *never*. "You will!" said the Nipper, briefly and grimly.

And yet till very recently the Nipper preferred in literature the most simple and optimistic of little child stories. She liked pretty little stories and pretty little verses. They had to be entirely obvious. Bringing both sound judgment and tough-minded equanimity to the concerns of everyday life, the relaxation of a story had to be sweetly simple and simply sweet. Her more emotional and older sister was meanwhile adventuring in realms of real imagination. But then, the Nipper is not really bookish. As yet her feeling for words is not extensive and the jargon of most grown-up writing has seemed to her a lot of tedious hieroglyphics. Certain imaginative ideas appeal to her. Peter Pan did. She grew silently sentimental over Peter and Wendy and Michael and so on. After witnessing several performances of it, "She wants to be an actress!" Rose confided to me, not without a touch of mild scorn.

Yet Rose herself is naturally quite as histrionic. And so far has been attracted to softer rôles than those the Nipper naturally chooses. The Nipper, in private performances evolved by herself and her sister, has preferred the part of a burglar, a tramp, or a tough cowboy. And the stories she used to make up herself often ended in very gory details.

It will be interesting to see these two children gradually fill in the rough sketchy outline of what the arts mean to them at present. The Nipper is slightly the better draughtsman and slightly the better sculptor, though both have the same general technique in drawing. One point in Rose's I have recently discovered to be that she *will* not, in the drawing of little girl or sturdy matron, *ever* supply the characters of her fancy with a *nose*. I pointed out the omission. "I don't like to draw noses," she replied briefly. She refused to have her picture criticized on that ground. If you don't like to draw noses, you must just construct the picture of a beautiful face *sans* nose, and be satisfied with its beauty. She is. It makes no difference to her. Maybe, in this particular, she is in advance of her time!

Though there is not inconsiderable poetry in the grownup members of her family, Rose is not much inclined toward real poetry as yet. But she likes to make up rhymes. She has a rather good memory for simple verse. As for the Nipper she used to object strenuously when a story told by her Father broke into rhyming couplets. "Stop! Stop!" she would shout. The girls' slightly older brother, on the other hand, has been strongly drawn to the balladry of his own land. Upstairs last year he could often be heard chanting "Get Along Little Dogies" or "I'm a Poor Cowboy and I Know I've Done Wrong" at the top of his voice. Being ten, " 'Songs of the Sea' ", he wrote home after a transcontinental trip, "and 'Songs of the Cowboys' have been an everlasting joy to me on the train. I don't know what I should have done without them."

As to general education, how is one to tell? The Nipper, having summer work this year, expressed her own predilections quite definitely in a short missive:

> Our lessons are began today. I hate my lessons because they give us so much home work we have French and she gave me hard arithmetic. We cook almost every morning this week we will mike fudge.

The "she" was evidently the special governess. And an excellent one. But then probably I should rather "mike fudge" myself. The Nipper saw no sense in mincing matters.

It is absorbingly interesting to watch the young idea begin to shoot. So absorbing that I have overstayed my time in these memoranda. As the outlines I spoke of begin to fill in I shall await the general results with expectant awe. At least those minds are buzzing busily all the time and the five senses of Rose and the Nipper are very much alive.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE. By RICHARD HALLIBURTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $5.

In this book Richard Halliburton proclaims himself an extraordinary young man. He presents himself as an extreme romantic with an insatiable zest for the exotic; an avid adventurer taking delight only in the bizarre; a daredevil rushing into escapades with the foolhardy garishness of the college sophomore; a poet entering into ecstatic raptures over the success of his exploits. On every page he celebrates the audacity of youth—his own exuberant youth.

His adventures are indeed unusual. Although he might have taken the Grand Tour upon his graduation from Princeton, he preferred to make his way to the ends of the earth on the irregular earnings from journalistic work. His exploits taken together are most impressive. In turn he climbed the Matterhorn, photographed the forts of Gibraltar in the face of imprisonment as a spy, spent an ecstatic night each on the Cheops Pyramid and within the matchless tomb of Taj Mahal, penetrated the vale of Kashmir, rode through the forbidden Khyber Pass with the thermometer at 140 degrees, thrilled at the sight of Angkor—"the first wonder of the world and the greatest mystery in history", sojourned in Vladivostok under the Bolsheviki, and capped his adventures by celebrating his twenty-third birthday on the top of Fujiyama during the impossible January weather. Say what one may, his period of travel was a period of emotional inebriation.

"The Royal Road to Romance" gives a detailed narrative of his adventures. Mr. Halliburton writes vividly, and much of his description is painted in warm romantic colors. Of course his observation is superficial, his apparent forethought gains by afterthought, and one may question his acute nostalgia for the places he visited; but one cannot deny the intrinsic interest of his picturesque story.

HENRY FORD: AMERICA'S DON QUIXOTE. By LOUIS P. LOCHNER. With a Preface by Maxim Gorki. New York. International Publishers. 1925. $3.

This volume is in no sense a complete biography of Mr. Ford. It is a discussion of the Ford Peace Ship Expedition, of the consequent Neutral Conference for continuous Mediation, and of the resultant International Commission. The spotlight is thrown on Mr. Ford only as he affected, as financial backer and sometime enthusiast, this effort to bring about the peace of Europe and, furthermore, the rays are occasionally colored by the author's personal animus towards Mr. Ford, his secretary, Mr. E. G. Liebold, and the cordon of official, semi-official, and unofficial overseers of the Ford interests. Maxim Gorki contributes a preface which constitutes a plea for world peace. The volume lacks an index.

Mr. Lochner's story is readable, interesting and, we believe, sincerely told. He states his opinions fearlessly and seeks no shelter for the indictments he chooses to make. The ethics of the Fourth Estate are severely criticized and the press is accused of false representation and actual misstatement.

The facts which Mr. Lochner gives are, briefly, these:

The idea of a "Peace Ship" did not originate with Mr. Ford; it was "sold" to him by Mr. Lochner himself and by Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, the Hungarian pacifist. Mr. Ford, after a conference with Wilson, chartered the ship, selected, with the aid of Mme. Schwimmer and Mr. Lochner, and invited the delegates, guaranteed financial backing, and announced: "If this expedition fails, I'll start another."

Mr. Ford decided at the last moment to remain in America. Pressure was too strong. He sailed. Illness and despondency attended him on the voyage. He was unable to attend the reception arranged for the mission in Christiania, but had the announcement made that he would appear publicly before the party left for Sweden. Shortly after, in company with Samuel S. Marquis, "Mrs. Ford's spiritual adviser," he left his hotel "stealthily, secretly, without as much as a word of farewell, between four and five o'clock in the morning," and sailed for America.

In an interview given on landing, he repeated his faith in the work and said: "I am against preparedness because preparedness means war." Mme. Schwimmer, as expert adviser, and Mr. Lochner, as general secretary, took direction of the mission. Mr. Ford manifested fitful interest for sometime, and financed the enterprise until he came out for preparedness in February, 1917 and turned his plant into a munition factory.

Juvenile

MIGHTY MEN. By ELEANOR FARJEON. I. From Achilles to Julius Caesar. II. From Beowulf to William. Appleton. 1925. 2 vols. $1 each.

It takes a poet to put history over for children! Eleanor Farjeon, poetess, does not confuse the imaginative truth of history for the children by an attempt to separate fact and legend. Each mighty man comes to his young reader whole from the ages. Furthermore, all is in excellent order. The stories centering about each group of mighty men form a unified testament about their own section of history, and each section leads on to the next in time's own order. Altogether, these simple incidents touch the high spots and illumine the backgrounds of whole civilizations quite amazingly. The first volume will give the child distinct impressions of Grecian, Persian, Macedonian, Carthaginan, and Roman civilizations, the second show him Britons, Picts, Norsemen, Normans. Yet this is no "informative book"—the ancient and ever-new beauty of the stories is its reason for being. Each little story is very short, but juicily sweet in style and fancy. The pictures, in black and white, chaste and fanciful little pictures, catch perfectly the needs of the text. They are by Hugh Chesterman. And best of all, every story-chapter is marked for the child's mind by a definite period, a charmingly spirited and melodious poem by the author. Indeed, these little books should be hailed with joy by parents, schools, and children.

CHRISTOPHER AND THE CLOCK-MAKERS. By SARA WARE BASSETT. The Invention series. Illustrated. Little Brown.

The boy with a curiosity to know about the insides of time pieces—that is, every boy—will read this volume with interest. A great deal of information is given, in story form, about clocks, their history and makers. At times the dialogue between young Christopher and McPhearson, the old worker in the shop, grows to too great lengths, but boys' appetites for such mental fodder are not small.

TRUE STORIES OF GREAT AMERICANS. Fifteen volumes, by various authors. Illustrated. Macmillan. 1925. $1 a volume.

Macmillan's has reissued this series of biographies, originally published in 1916, of fifteen American heroes whose lives and deeds have an especial appeal for boys. The volumes are competently done in the main, although it is plain to see that heroic acts of bravery are much easier to describe inspiringly than leadership in other fields. The boy who possesses this set will profit by having before him, in a form in which he is likely to read, the lives of great Americans told briefly, dramatically, and with emphasis on qualites of character which are worth while inculcating. Mr. Wheeler's life of Lincoln seems not to measure up to the subject, and Mr. Pearson's chapter on Roosevelt's Bull Moose stampede is at times amusingly naive, but the level remains high. The choice of the great Americans is distributed among explorers, presidents, frontier military and naval heroes, and inventors. The titles and authors are: "Daniel Boone," by Lucille Gulliver; "Christopher Columbus," by Mildred Stapley; "Davy Crockett," by William C. Sprague; "Thomas A. Edison," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler; "Benjamin Franklin," by E. Lawrence Dudley; "Robert Fulton," by Alice Crary Sutcliffe; "Ulysses S. Grant," by Lovell Coombs; "Nathan Hale," by

(*Continued on next page*)

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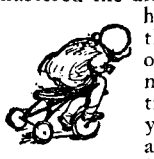

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Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Jean Christie Root; "John Paul Jones," by L. Frank Tooker; "LaSalle," by Louise S. Hasbrouck; "Abraham Lincoln," by Daniel E. Wheeler; "William Penn," by Robert Sargent Holland; "Captain John Smith," by Rossiter Johnson; "George Washington," by William H. Rideing; "Theodore Roosevelt," by Edmund Lester Pearson.

THE RABBIT LANTERN. By DOROTHY ROWE. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

These are the simplest and most engaging of stories about Chinese children, told by an American who spent her childhood among such scenes and is transcribing with an imaginative touch what were experiences with actual childhood playmates. Both the happenings and the language in which they are described are very simple and designed for the youngest readers, but an adult, too, will find the pages full of color and reality and will enter spontaneously with these Oriental children into the best of Chinese family and street life. The illustrations, by a Chinese hand enter gaily into the spirit of the little book and will be a source of delight and interest to American children.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF SHIPS. By CHARLES E. CARTWRIGHT. Dutton. 1925. $2.

Mr. Cartwright has written a practical and readable book for the boy who has in his blood a love for the sea and the ships that have sailed it from the days of the oar-propelled craft of the Phoenicians to the twin screw steamers and oil burners of the present time. The author has been technical enough to satisfy the most mechanical-minded and yet his accounts of the construction, manipulation, and history of the various types of ship, particularly of the rise of the sailing ship which reached its zenith in the American clipper makes fascinating reading. Pen and ink sketches accompany the text, and diagrams help to make the description more vivid.

HIGHLIGHTS OF HISTORY. By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925.

Now that it has been done, it is fairly safe to say that we were waiting for "Highlights of History." The invasion of the all-too-popular tabloid newspaper into the realm of more scholarly information is subject to the same line of criticism and praise as its daily progenitor. There is the psychological argument, somewhat discredited of late, of the desirability of impressing all the juvenile sensorial avenues at once. On the other hand, if King Philip or Capt. John Smith are to be graphically remembered, why should they forever appear to the future historian as patent relatives of Krazy Kat and Barney Google?

The principal and interesting events in American history from 1492-1763 are presented in six drawings per page with explanatory captions warranted to enlist the attention of small devourers of comic-strips.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

The tragic story of the boy Richard, younger son of Simon de Montford and of his fealty to the crusading Prince Edward in the face of the outlawing of his own family and the Prince's suspicions, is a truly noble tale. This much must not and cannot be forgotten even while we consider the grave literary sins of time and space.

For the American child is bewildered by an author who writes for youngsters who have memorized the order of their kings in rhyme. And Charlotte Yonge wrote the book in 1865. That is to say that her conception of a historical novel was one which distinguished it from history largely by being written in a barbarous troubadour-English.

Marguerite de Angeli's illustrations help make this one of the better editions of this year Children's Classics without departing greatly from the expected.

KIDNAPPED. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

There are all sorts of boys and some prefer "Kidnapped" even to "Treasure Island." The quest of the pot of gold at the end of the piratical rainbow has certain obvious advantages. But somehow David Balfour's long way home by heather and weather is more capable of tapping the sympathetic emotions of boyhood—emotions without which youthful manliness is the mere smoking, swearing substitute of the pitiful Ransome. Perhaps, too, the soberer account called for the more flawless style, the greater self-effacement of prose means, and hence the greater self-approval of Stevenson, for "Kidnapped" is his avowed favorite.

In the new Macmillan edition Warwick Goble has successfully distributed most of his illustrations among bust portraits of Stevenson's memorable characters. The few more conventional drawings of crucial scenes lose importance before his faithfully drawn Alan Breck, the cunning, heartstrong fellow-adventurer of David, and the iron, sinister Capt. Hoseason. For it is in his Long John Silvers and his blind beggars as well as in his apple-barrels and desert islands that Stevenson approaches immortality.

MYTHOLOGY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By JANE BLACK. Scribners. 1925. 60 cents.

Here is an excellent little reference book for youngsters just beginning to read the legends and myths of ancient Greece. Despite the briefness of the notes, the author has managed to preserve to a surprising degree much of the spirit and flavor of the original tales.

LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF PARIS. By EUGENIA FOA. Lippincott. 1925. $1.50.

Ever since its first publication over eighty years ago French children have read and delighted in this quaintly romantic tale of a little waif as alone in the big city of Paris as Crusoe on his desert island. The story itself has nearly all the elements to make it a juvenile perennial. There is the independent and resourceful child hero, with numerous injustices and adventures to be triumphed over; the faithful small dog; the delectable orchard hut; and the happy ending which restores Little Robinson Crusoe to a long lost Aunt. The tale is told with enchanting simplicity and without that stressing of morals and the priggishness so characteristic of other children's books of the period. The translation has managed to preserve much of the quaintness and charm of the original but it seems to us a pity that old woodcuts or other illustrations of the period could not have been used to carry out the atmosphere of the little book.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF THE HEAVENS. By MARY PROCTOR. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.50 net.

This book, "for boys and girls from ten to fifteen," is certainly one of the best informative books of the year. There is so much information abroad nowadays that the child is apt to be the sufferer before his parents' factual zeal. But in this case, we parents will indeed inform, but will also amuse, our child,—may, indeed, by the gift of this book open an astral channel in his imagination. The writing is charming and humorous—And the information is as authoritative as though it were not! Each chapter on a planet or a star gives mythology as well as scientific history, and weaves in many interesting facts about the best books on astronomy and the best laboratories. A sane, sound, and delightful book.

THE STAR-PROMISE. By MARGARET E. BURTON. The Woman's Press. 1925. $1.50.

A very prettily got up little book of hopeful thoughts on immortality suitable as a gift book not only for young girls for whom it was originally intended but for any feminine friend in grief who would be likely to gain comfort from the faith of such men and women as Lyman Abbott, Winifred Kirkland, and Henry Sloan Coffin.

YOUNGER DAYS OF FAMOUS WRITERS. By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER. Century. 1925. $1.75.

Here in simple and condensed form are accounts of the lives and achievements of such literary and artistic figures as Defoe, Cooper, Dickens, Stevenson, Mark Twain, Kipling, Lewis Carroll, Horatio Alger, Johanna Spyri, Selma Lagerlöf, Howard Pyle, Louisa M. Alcott, Mary Mapes Dodge, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. These biographies are of necessity brief, but the author has managed to give them much spirit and what is still more unusual in a book of this sort, to keep from too much moralizing.

WASHINGTON. By LUCY FOSTER MADISON. Penn. 1925. $3.50.

Such a book as this is worth a whole shelf of the usual dry biographies doled out to boys and girls that they may know

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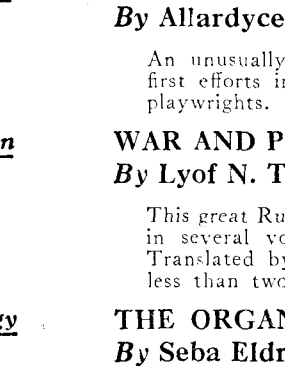

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more about "The Father of Their Country." Here the author has written of George Washington as a soldier-hero, an adventurer, and a human and kindly American, and not as if he were merely the legendary gentleman of the two-cent postage stamp! Washington's background and youth in Virginia is delightfully described (with happily no mention of the famous cherry tree episode) and others of the household, particularly the elder brother Lawrence, are made very real characters. But it is in the handling of the difficult Revolutionary Campaign chapters that the author shows most skill and a gift for vivid and swift writing. Here we find a splendid clearness and accuracy of detail, combined with the thrill of military manoeuvres and great causes. For the time being the past is made to live again between these covers and what more can be asked of a history book than this? A special word should be said for the illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover, both the color plates and the small black and white sketches at chapter heads, which so admirably keep the spirit and atmosphere of the text.

FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN. By HERMINIA ZUR MUHLEN. Translated by Ida Dailes. Daily Worker Pub. Co. 1925.

A strange volume this, of tales for small socialists evidently written by some radical "Comrade" across the seas with the intention of teaching that riches are the root of all evil. In each of the tales a moral is stressed:—even the pretty, delicate little rose bush knew how to use her thorns when the rich lady came near her; the Sparrow died seeking a better land for his Sparrow brothers; a little grey dog gave his life for the poor Negro boy who had saved him from drowning; and a little boy learned that he must continue to ask about the wrongs in the world and make friends of all the other workers. The stories are all frankly propaganda and rather dull fare. More plot and spirit and humor will certainly be needed to win children over to any "Cause," Socialistic or otherwise!

THE STORY OF HOLLAND. By HELEN WARD BANKS. Stokes. 1925. $5.

Sumptuous in format, yet simple and readable in text is this story of the Netherlands from the sixteenth century, through the days of Philip William of Orange, the Dutch East India Company, and on to the present. The publishers have done handsomely by the volume in the matter of paper, type, and numerous colored illustrations. It should prove an excellent stepping stone to Motley for boys and girls with a liking for history and personages out of the past.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK AND THE TAPESTRY ROOM. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

Mrs. Molesworth shares somewhat in the genius of Walter de la Mare for whisking the child without transition into an atmosphere of fascinating charm. No wheedling logic is needed to make the lonely hillside, the queer turret, real. For theirs is not feel-it reality: they are real as a fairy tale or as a dream.

The two fairy tales "The Cuckoo Clock" and "The Tapestry Room" were first published in 1877 and now figure in Macmillan's Classics for children from eight to ten. Though the imaginative child of eight may find joy in them, a better classification would perhaps be ten to twelve. Walter Crane's quaint original illustrations are retained.

Both stories concern old rooms and talking birds, pert Victorianisms, and lovely things.

THE COCK AND THE HEN. Illustrated by RUDOLF MATES. Czecho-Slovak Art and Craft, 542 East 79th Street, New York. 1925. $2.50.

This is a gay little volume which enshrines in a series of brilliantly colored illustrations the tale of the cock and the hen who tried to keep it from choking on a strawberry. The simple story itself is a Czecho-Slovak tale that builds up its chronicle on the principle of "This is the House that Jack Built," and that insinuates a moral at the end. Small folk will delight in the profusion of color illustrations, and will doubtless enjoy the repetitive narrative.

SILVER PENNIES. By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON. Macmillan. 1925. 80 cents.

It is a pity that so delightfully selected an anthology of modern verse for children should be marred by an oversupply of those patronizing and stilted "notes" which conscientious authors feel called upon to add for the benefit of their young readers. We see no reason why children are not just as capable of understanding the poems of Walter de la Mare, Francis Ledwidge, James Stephens, Masefield, and others represented in this collection, as any one else and they should certainly be allowed to read and enjoy them without the interference of grown-up explanations that take away all the flavor of the poem beforehand. Fortunately our experience has led us to believe that most people skip notes of any kind, so it is to be hoped that only teachers and parents will benefit by these. Otherwise the little book has much to recommend it for school and home use. It is a real treasure house of modern verse that should be an excellent supplement to the old-time spelling book and reader with their selections from Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, and Tennyson. Here are Emily Dickinson, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Joyce Kilmer, Vachel Lindsay, and other American poets as well as many contemporary English ones and the author has shown much discrimination and good judgment in the choice of their verse. The many small black and white decorations by Winifred Bromhall add greatly to the book's attractiveness.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED BRIDGES. By LORINDA M. BRYANT. Century. 1925. $2.50.

Here is a worthy successor to this author's like books about pictures, sculptures, and buildings. There are fifty fine clear full page photographs of bridges, and a page of text for each picture. The text tells many romantic stories, gives the history of each bridge in brief, and also many interesting technical facts. A child who owns this book will certainly come awake to the fascination of bridges past, present, and future.

THE KING'S BREAKFAST. By A. A. MILNE. Dutton. 1925. $2.

A GALLERY OF CHILDREN. By A. A. MILNE. Philadelphia. McKay. 1925. $3.50.

Mr. Milne continues irresistible. What more delightful mingling of solemn nonsense with gay ridicule could there be than the introduction he offers to the music for "The King's Breakfast" from "When We Were Very Young," that poem which contained the remarkable lines,

I'll go and tell the Cow, now,
Before she goes to bed.

The lines, of course, are remarkable because it was at breakfast time that the cow was going to bed. Mr. Milne's delicious foolery in presenting variant interpretations of scholars on this queer paradox is as engaging a bit of whimsical absurdity as we have seen in many a long day. So too is his exposition as to the proper method of singing "Feed-My Cow", an old English song, we are solemnly informed, now given for the first time. What with the music for these two poems by H. Fraser-Simson, and the decorations by E. H. Shepard, "The King's Breakfast" is a book that would grace any nursery shelf. There is only one trouble about it, and that is that no parent will be content to consign it to the nursery.

As to "A Gallery of Children," the first two tales in that collection of stories are utterly charming, in Mr. Milne's best vein for juveniles; the others give the impression of being somewhat more fragmentary than the design of the author perhaps intended when he first projected them. They come to an end so abruptly as to make the reader feel that events were hastened to a conclusion before they were ripe. However, if in a less perfect way, they, like the first two tales, are lively and engaging. The illustrations by H. Willebeek Le Mair delightfully supplement the text.

THE KATHARINE PYLE BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. By KATHARINE PYLE. Dutton. 1925. $2.50.

Katharine Pyle has made her own collection of old Fairy Tales and illustrated them in pleasant, if rather conventional drawings in color and black and white. The result is a mildly attractive juvenile whose chief merit will be if it can make young readers turn to the same stories in their original versions, for like most rewriters of old tales Katharine Pyle has

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books
Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

somehow managed to lose the spirit and flavor of them in the retelling. We think, too, that she should give more explicit credit to her sources, so that the reader shall know which are from old folk legends and which from Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm.

THE HOLIDAY BOOK. By MARGARET WARDE. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

There are twelve chapters in this book, one for every month of the year and in each is an account of how two country children and their resourceful mother planned and carried through a celebration appropriate to the season. There are Valentines, of course, besides parties for Christmas and Thanksgiving and Halloween and other holidays. Many of the ideas are simple, such as a group of children might themselves carry out, and herein lies the chief merit of the book, which, read for itself alone, is at times rather dull going.

THE FAT OF THE CAT AND OTHER STORIES by GOTTFRIED KELLER. Freely adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Albert Sallaks. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

A page of grotesque little pastel figures forming the frontispiece to "The Fat of the Cat" is the keynote to five unusual Swiss stories cleverly adapted by Untermeyer. There is a dry satire, biting as German pickle in all of them, even in the obviously comic picture of Hungry Hans; but this cannot dull the colorful bravado which they carry as spontaneously as a man would wear a red plume cocked on one side on his everyday hat.

In the first three stories, "The Fat of the Cat", "Hungry Hans" and "Clothes Make the Man", an imagination shrewd and sharp as Seldwyla's peaked roofs, recalls the nursery tales of Grimm. But in the last two, "Virgin and the Knight" and "The Statue and the Sun" another atmosphere prevails, soft and poetical as the note of a far bell in the dawn. This variety of narrative will charm even an older reader.

In his "Foreword" the author has romantically described the village of Seldwyla from which all this plunder has been taken:—"The painted wooden houses still stand; the streets are as crooked and the market squares as four-sided as ever; the clock towers continue to tell the swallows the time; the village cats prowl along the gutters exactly as they did when the brave defenders wore armor."

THE BROWNIES IN FAIRYLAND. By PALMER COX. Century. 1925. $1.50

For parents and teachers now casting about for something different in the way of holiday plays for children, this little cantata should solve an early but a weighty Christmas problem. Besides the always amusing brownies of the late Palmer Cox there are fairies and numerous familiar characters from Mother Goose. The brownies go forth to war, but since the battle is waged against the insects who are destroying the flowers of Fairyland, even the most ardent pacifist can scarcely object. The cantata has some singable songs by Malcolm Douglas and can be elongated or abbreviated at the producer's pleasure.

FAIRY TALES FROM BRENTANO. Translated by Kate Freiligrath Krocker. Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

The Märchen of Clemens Brentano should take their proper place in any intelligent child's library, with the stories of Grimm and Andersen. Stokes has done well to republish Kate Krocker's translation of some of them. Her translations have long been out of print, and this selection from the several volumes of tales from Brentano which she put forth years ago brings again to light the undeniable genius of one of the most brilliant members of the German Romantic School of the nineteenth century. "Caprice personified," Heine wrote of Brentano, which is precisely what makes his fairy tales so delightful. He wrote his Märchen for the children of his brother-in-law and left the lot in a fragmentary condition, though many were completed. They are full, as his translator says in her introduction, "of beauty, fun, and originality." The old illustrations of the English editions—by the late Carruthers Gould, famous cartoonist of *Punch*—are reproduced in this volume, though not all in colors, as originally. Seven of the tales are included from the many Brentano wrote, and all display notable fantastic imagination. Here was a remarkable German poet who also possessed genius in writing for children. He was the Lewis Carroll of his place and time, and the colors and conceits and delicate enchantments and boisterous humors of his tales remain as fresh today as in the era of their creation.

THE DISAPPOINTED SQUIRREL. By W. H. HUDSON. Doran. 1925. $2.50.

The title of this volume of little stories reprinted from Hudson's "The Book of a Naturalist" and admirably illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse is unfortunate in that it suggests the bed-time story brand of natural history. As a matter of fact, though Hudson's style is so simple and crystal clear that the book can be read to young children, the keenness and variety of his observations should appeal to the mature child and the adult. Whether Hudson writes a fascinating chapter about the lowly potato or a common yellow cur or whether he goes further afield and deals with the silver fox or the vizcacha of the pampas his rare love and enthusiasm for the world about him is so deep that he should spur many a child to embark upon natural history adventures of his own.

CHIMNEY CORNER STORIES. By VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.50.

Sixteen nursery favorites of many types and times, from "Cinderella" to the tale of the modern little darkie "Epaminondas," have been collected into one volume and retold by Miss Hutchinson simply, not over-long, yet with the repetition that children love. Parents will find this a handy volume, though the children themselves may prefer to have such stories as "Little Black Sambo", "The Three Pigs", and "Peter Rabbit" in separate little books rather than in this elaborate edition where colored plates, full page black and white drawings, drawings for head pieces, tail pieces, end pages, contents pages, and title pages surfeit them with illustrations.

COIN AND CROSSBONES. By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH. Century. 1925. $1.75.

This book should attract all readers of adventure by its very title, "Coin and Crossbones," although the coin is for the most part paper dollars and the defenders of the crossbones twentieth-century roughnecks of the Maine Coast.

It is a boy's story, written in a boy's conversational manner that leaps over tight situations by dismissing them with a "we did it somehow." The worst fault is a lack of clearness. Mr. Longstreth has, however, a zest for action that is most contagious, and his feeling for atmosphere flavors the book with salt spray and the fragrance of pine woods. Now and again he strikes a happy simile such as "he talked with a twang like a banjo-string".

"Coin and Crossbones" is a continuation of "The Silent Five," a previous narrative the author seems to take for granted one has read, for he leaves much unexplained and the plot thickens before one even discovers it. A treasure amounting to $101,763 "with the likelihood of more in the trampled pit" has been buried among the pines and crannies of an island,—why and by whom is not made clear; there are merely vague hints about "the old captain," a character that does not appear. The heroes, some five boys of high-school age, whose *status quo* does not seem to matter other than that they are healthy, happy, and American, set out to recover this treasure. How they know of it must have been accounted for in the first book. There is no explanation here, nor are we told why a band of pirates with fitting names such as Peg-Leg and Double happen to be on the island at the same time. The hunt begins, and with it a series of adventures that pass with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Our young heroes are separated, beaten with clubs, marooned on rocks, and soaked with salt-water. Mutineers play cards in their captain's purloined finery, a terrific gale blows from hell to hackney, and a landslide kills the one man who knew where the treasure lay. The most menacing element is the figure of Captain Eli of the "Robin Hood," a college man and a rogue, whose nature undergoes a remarkable change when the boy protagonists through sheer excess of decency, save his life. There

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is Preston, a colored cook whose assistant's dialect becomes rather wearisome; a number of others all rather difficult to identify, and in the end, an unexpected Mr. Dooniv appears like "the Great Mr. Lloyd" who comes "with a wire to drag them home."

Personally, we prefer our pirates cruising the 18th century Caribbean. Somehow youth and bloodshed are more compatible when youth carries a flintlock and bloodshed comes from the waistcoats of groaning Dons. Dollars have not the same ring as doubloons, and it is rather a shock that the treasure of "Coin and Crossbones" should consist of greenbacks and Reserve notes neatly packed in sheets of tin-foil, instead of a glittering tumble of moidores and cross-money. To take such loot seems like bank-robbery although Mr. Longstreth assures us this wealth is to be put to a noble purpose. Present-day privateering off the Maine Coast is certainly a new angle on pirate lore and for those who do not object to buccaneers in motor-boats, "Coin and Crossbones" offers an entertaining if somewhat confusing two hours.

BOB GRAHAM AT SEA. By FELIX RIESENBERG. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.50.

This tale presents a complete account of a boy's training on the schoolship *Newport* from the bewildering day of examination to the proud moment of signaling "Full Speed Ahead" as Junior Fourth Officer on a giant liner.

Bob Graham, a high minded youth from Up State, is the hero upon whom one can rely for everything from making post of honor on the first cutter to defending a seasick pal against the pork-and-string hazing of a senior bully. In following his career on the *Newport*, we are shown every angle of a boy's apprenticeship in navigation on a vessel equipped with both sail and steam. A most alluring apprenticeship it is, learning to man a ship in all conceivable emergencies from a full Atlantic gale to drydock, enjoying the companionship of other healthy young individuals, and being royally received at Gibraltar, Tangiers, London, Antwerp, The Fortunate Isles, and always Glen Cove.

Woven through the book is a palpable nigh school romance, apt to put one off at the start. It would seem seafaring were romance enough without lugging in Mary Turner of Up State; but she is kept fairly in the background and forgotten amid hurricanes, grudge fights, and the "routine of work and study that makes the days pass with the recurring swiftness of a mighty clock".

It is rather an uneven book, becoming at times, almost as instructive as the "Rollos". There is a distressingly well-informed Mr. Treadwell and a Boatswain Tabler who impart "a vast amount of very useful information." Officers are ever ready to discourse on Phoenician tombs and the height of volcanoes, and one has misgivings about the alleged popularity of a ship's doctor who holds friendly dissertations with the crew concerning the city of Lisbon. It is in his narrative of the sea and sailing that the author is at his best and there are chapters vividly exciting and full of Dana-esque charm. At times he is patience itself with the land-lubber reader, explaining technicalities with painstaking simplicity, then again, as if in impatience, he plunges obscurely into nautical lingo and the uninitiated must guess at much of it. All sailing language, however, has a joyous ring and the book is redolent of the finest traditions and lore of the sea.

THE LOST KING OF OZ. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. Reilly & Lee. 1925. $1.50.

This is the eighteenth volume in the series of Oz year books! In view of this fact one hardly expects freshness or ingenuity in them—one marvels to find any inventiveness left at all. There are some amusing bits in the two hundred and eighty-page story, but even Snip, the King's button boy, Mombi, who turns the sea into gelatin so that it can be comfortably crossed, and the tailor with flying ears can not make up for the barren stretches. The scare-crow, beloved of countless children, scarcely appears at all and an up-to-the-minute moving picture dummy does not atone for his absence.

THE LITTLE GREAT LADY. By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

A pleasant, fluently told story of a little Belgian girl, who was sent to England during the War, and taken into a noble family. They suppose that she is a peasant, but Renée, who has been spoiled at [illegible] and her [illegible] for [illegible] the ears of a [illegible] and has some hard lessons [illegible] her self-satisfied stop. She [illegible] her native pluck, [illegible] respect of her [illegible] as their affection. The book is full of interest, [illegible] scenes that will [illegible] because of the liveliness [illegible] preceded.

THE BOOK OF PIRATES. By HENRY GILBERT. Crowell. 1925. $2.75.

Here is a book of pirate tales, to give delight to the boy or girl. And for good measure they are either true or founded on truth, so all the thrills are real thrills. Parents will discover still another virtue: the stories are taken from distinct successive historical periods, and each one, by dialogue, characterization, and setting, is given something of the flavor of its own period in history, without in any degree suggesting information apart from story-telling. The vigorous colored illustrations by Stephen Reid are a material help in adding costume and vitality in this respect, and the style is mature enough so that a boy of thirteen or fourteen will not think he is reading anything childish. The days of Julius Cæsar, of the Saxons, of the Mediterranean Corsairs and of several other periods are all included. In fact we discover with surprise that history arrives almost at the banalities of our own day before these picturesque but uncomfortable figures disappear from the scene of action.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS. By LOUISE SAUNDERS. Scribners. 1925. $1.0.

A most pleasing little play for children in large and sumptuous format, profusely illustrated in colour by Maxfield Parrish. Some of the most beautiful work that Mr. Parrish has ever done has gone into the decoration of this delicate and amusing fantasy. Louise Saunders (in private life Mrs. Maxwell Perkins) has a lightly satiric touch, and a feeling for nonsense akin to that of Lewis Carroll. Her play is a thistledown trifle but her ingenious scheme and the humorousness of her lines are fresh and delightful. She has written other children's plays, has contributed to St. Nicholas, etc. She displays a cultivated talent of indubitable charm.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S COOK BOOK FOR HOME AND CAMP. By INEZ N. MCFEE. Crowell. 1925. $2.

As soon as the children of the family begin to show curiosity as to the mysteries behind the food they see on the table, they should have a chance to read this pleasant and amusing cookbook of Mrs. McFee's. For it presents the plain elements of cooking in easy, homeopathic doses, and it carries with it impetus enough to stimulate even the laziest little reader. It teaches the prime worthiness of foodstuffs, the importance of giving each article of food its due attention. According to the book, there is a very sprightly family, the Daytons, composed of five children, a father, an aunt, an uncle, a sagacious grandmother—and Mrs. Dayton, the mother. It is this latter who dictates to the children the material for a very complete, modern, simply expressed cook-book. The children write down data and recipes, experiment with cooking, tell their difficulties, and receive further instruction. The old grandmother contributes a few oldfashioned meat-dishes. The uncle inspires several chapters on camp cookery—on the building of a fire, the provisioning of an expedition, etc. From Mrs. Dayton herself come countless methods, theories, and recipes which could be examined with profit even by adult and seasoned cooks. This is really a cook-book for the whole family—an able, almost indispensable reference-book.

PICCOLO POMI. By ANTONIO BELTRAMELLI. Translated by LEO ONGLEY. Dutton. 1925. $2.

A very small Italian boy wanders through the pages of this book, which is a compilation of the Cinderella and Daddy Long Legs themes and therefore is practically certain to please its readers—but very young readers they must be. Piccolo Pomi, aged six, is dispatched from home by a cruel aunt, escapes from an impossible apprenticeship to a shepherd, is lost and found any number of times, survives hardships in mountains and valleys, rescues another waif more unfortunate than himself, and finally is borne off with her to good care and happiness by

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a providential Count, after Pomi has brought home the Count's three-year-old daughter from the dangers of a runaway escapade. Of course the aunt is impossibly cruel, and Pomi's adventures by day and night are impossibly perilous for a six-year-old to survive. But it's all acceptable in the general makeup of the tale. The translation is sensible and sympathetic, except that in occasional spots the children talk and think too much like little grown-ups;—which may or may not be the translator's doing. The little drawings are quaint and pleasing, and both through them and through the story itself quite a little real Italian flavor will drift across to the children who will read the book.

Brief Mention

THE season finds several classics in new editions. A selection from "Aesop's Fables" (Liveright. $2.50) exhibits some startlingly and eccentrically beautiful colored designs by Miss *Phyllis A. Trery.* Her harmonies in line thoroughly satisfy the eye. *Charles* and *Mary Lamb's* "Tales from Shakespeare" appear again in the Riverside Bookshelf Series (Houghton Mifflin. $2). The edition is well printed, but the illustrations in color by *R. Farrington Elwell,* who follows at a considerable distance after such masters as Pyle and Wyeth, cannot be much commended. Much better, quite naturally, are the color plates by *James Fulleylove,* R. I., which adorn *Scott's* "Tales of a Grandfather," abridged by *Elsie M. Lang* (Stokes. $2). And *C. Collodi's* famous "The Adventures of Pinocchio", in a new translation from the Italian by *Carol Della Chiesa* (Macmillan. $5), is besprent with illustrations of unusual liveliness and individuality from the pen of *Attilio Mussino,* pictures that have become famous in the best Italian edition. *Hugh Lofting's* draughtsmanship, as well as his authorship, continues to amuse in "Doctor Dolittle's Zoo" (Stokes. $2.50), and doubtless this new volume about the doings of the famous animal physician will enthral children no less than Mr. Lofting's former volumes.

Turning from these classics, one comes to two children's bibles, the first being a popular edition of "The Children's Bible," by *Henry A. Sherman* and *Charles Foster Kent* (Scribners. $1.75), the second "The Children's Bible" as arranged by *Arthur Mee* (with no word added and no word altered) (London: Hodder & Stoughton). The latter has seventy illustrations and is the larger volume, though a large 8vo of Sherman and Kent's work, with thirty full page illustrations is also available at $3.50. Pendant to these books is *A. Lipsky's* "Old Testament Heroes" (New York: Frank-Maurice, Inc. $1.50), a re-telling of the tales of the principal heroes of the Bible, approved and listed by the New York Board of Education for use in New York schools.

"The Young Folk's Book of Discovery", by *T. C. Bridges* (Little, Brown. $2), is designed for boys and girls from 10 to 15. It is interestingly illustrated in color and black and white, and covers the subject from the time of the Phoenicians down to that of Amundsen's successful assault on the South Pole. And following it upon the shelf we discern three practical manuals. The first is *Dan Beard's* "Do It Yourself" in the Woodcraft Series (Lippincott. $2.50). Dan Beard, as most boys know, is National Scout Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America, but more than that one thoroughly versed in camp-lore and woodcraft as his many books attest. "Do It Yourself", a book of the outdoors, contains all sorts of fascinating information, practically illustrated. "Three Hundred Things a Bright Boy Can Do", fully illustrated and written by many hands (Lippincott. $1.75), covers all manner of sports and pastimes. Not only paperchasing, football, canoeing, boxing, and camp cooking are discussed, but also ventriloquism, magic, butterfly-collecting, gardening, etc. This is a solidly informative volume. "Suppose We Play," by *Imogen Clark* (Crowell. $2), is "a collection of indoor and outdoor games for young and old". It is designed to serve all ages, from kindergartners to young people in their teens.

Trade Winds

THE Booksellers' Board of Trade and all the publishers have been imploring me not to forget that this is Children's Book week. But people who have to be told when and what books to buy for their children are not my kind of customers.

* * *

Rumor keeps bathing it that Colonel Lawrence's mysterious book, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," whose subterranean announcement some time ago aroused much eagerness among Laurentians, is not to be published by Doubleday, Page but by the George H. Doran Company.

* * *

It is painful to me to observe that many of the young women customers who formerly frequented my shop evidently came rather to palaver with Young Amherst than to buy literature; for since Master Amherst's absence abroad they have kept away. Y. A.'s letters have been brief and evasive. His only report from London has been to send me a Wine List of the Café Royal and the remark that the Oxford Street tube has "a rich barytone smell." I shall interrogate him punctually when he gets home, as a young American's first trip to what is called The Old World always results in an interesting fermentation of skull-juice.

* * *

Since writing the above, a picture postcard (of the Albert Memorial) has arrived from Y. A. with the message "John Masefield's new novel is to be called ODTAA. This is not the name of a South Sea Island heroine, but is an anagram for *One damned thing after another,* which was Masefield's description of the plot. No one else knows this yet, so it's a scoop for Good Old Quercus."

* * *

Lawrence R. Miller, 836 Steele Street, Denver, Colorado, advertises that he "has opened the finest book salesroom in the United States and it is the sight of a lifetime to visit Mr. Miller."

* * *

Jolly old Meredith Janvier (14 West Hamilton Street, Baltimore) is writing his reminiscences in the Baltimore *Evening Sun.* I note that in Mr. Janvier's recent catalogue he sounds ye conk for Stephen Hudson, a writer I have been hearing about for some years but have never read. Janvier says "I am interested in pushing this notable writer as his work is strong and original. I predict the same persistent vogue for him as I did for Marmaduke Pickthall, Haldane Macfall, and others recently. He is good." Of Macfall's "Jezebel Pettyfer" (lately republished by Knopf) Mr. Janvier says it is the only book in English that he has read three times. M. J. also emits a whoop of glee at having dug up a London first of "The Morning's War" by C. E. Montague (1913.) He offers it at $7.50 and ejaculates "Here it is at last. I have sought this book for a year. For the keenly alert mind this is a rare treat."

* * *

Speaking of that, Mr. C. E. Montague has resigned the editorship of the Manchester *Guardian,* and is living in a Wrenhouse, to devote his full time to books. By a Wren-house I mean a house built by Sir C. Wren, near the quarry where the stone came from to build St. Paul's Cathedral.

* * *

Another Baltimore book-house (Messrs. Hochschild, Kohn Co.) has sent out its list of 14,872 *Books at Bargain Prices.* These pamphlets are always tragi-comic Intimations of Mortality in the book world. The covetable "Letters to Several Persons of Honour" (by John Donne) still appears at the modest price of $1.50. Max Beerbohm, Arthur Symons, Henry James, Lytton Strachey, Don Marquis, H. M. Tomlinson, W. D. Howells, find themselves side by side in the ultimate democracy of publishers' jobs. Ben Hecht comes down from ten bucks to four. Booksellers' catalogues are often oddly ironic: there's Edgar Wells's new list (41A East 47, New York) in which there is so curious a gathering of books given, with their authors' homages, to Joseph Conrad, and promptly dispersed after his death. The simple sentimentalist often wonders how these intimacies get on the open market so speedily; but he can hardly regret it, for they make good plums for collectors.

* * *

Because I never issue catalogues myself, and don't intend to, I have leisure to study those of others. One of my best favorites is William H. Allen, 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, whose pungent comments on the items he lists are always refreshingly honest. "Rather an ambitious title," he remarks of a book called "Les Amours du Temps Passé." Of "Aegyptisches Handwörterbuch, 1921" he says "New, except for the signature of a customer who ordered it and then returned it because he thought he could get it cheaper elsewhere."

* * *

I've heard a number of booksellers speaking highly of John Erskine's novel, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." There are a number of dark horses in this publishing season, and while I haven't yet examined this one's teeth, it sounds promising.

* * *

It is odd that no one seems to have noticed that *The Blue Peter,* a London monthly devoted to ships and seafaring, has published Joseph Conrad's Congo diary. I have sold at least fifteen copies of that issue to Conrad zealots.

* * *

Little, Brown and Company issue a pleasant envelope-stuffer called Notes from Beacon Hill. But how pleasant if they'd rename it *The Jug.* Yes, the Little Brown Jug.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

News

We need a word.

* * *

We need *one word* to convey the nuance of Arthur Schnitzler's original epithet, "*filou*" which runs through his latest novel—

* * *

FRAULEIN ELSE, just published, and called by critics abroad the greatest short novel of all time.

* * *

Sophisticated authorities on Viennese idiom tell us that "*filou*" subtly combines the meaning of all the following:

roué
flirt
sheik
slicker
bounder
Don Juan
lothario
heart-breaker

* * *

We want *one word* to do the trick.

* * *

Come now, you fanciers of fine phrases, connoisseurs of the toothsome cognate, here is your chance to carve out a real niche in the Hall of Fame, by adding a new word to the American language.

* * *

Give us the inevitable word, and we'll use it, with genuflections and public acknowledgment to the winning individual, in the next edition. But——

* * *

The secret's out—

* * *

We must have the word *immediately,* because the first edition was sold out before publication date,—

* * *

The second's now on press, and—

* * *

The way orders and reorders are coming in, we'll have to order the third any minute now.

* * *

If you want to take a fling at philological immortality, you'll have to plank down $1.50 to buy this book at your book-store.

* * *

We planned to invite all you Walter Paters, Ring Lardners, George Ades, and Sinclair Lewises up to our office at 37 West 57th Street to look at a copy of FRAULEIN ELSE, but—

* * *

Believe it or not—

* * *

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WAR LITERATURE

THE WAR IN THE AIR. By Arthur Schnitzler (Boni & Liveright).

THE LAST LETTERS OF WALTER HINES PAGE. Vol. II. By Burton J. Hendrick (Doubleday, Page).

THE NEW AGE OF FAITH. By J. Langdon-Davies. (Viking Press).

C. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for stories to read aloud to young children, for family use.

FOR the youngest children, if you want a collection of baby's classics from "Chicken Little" on, in clear type with cover pictures and so told that reading them is like talking, there is "Chimney Corner Stories," by Veronica Hutchinson (Minton, Balch), which will gently lead a child into reading for himself. "Tommy Tucker's Stories," by Maude Radford Warren and Eve Davenport (Doran), is a big book of tales made out of, and in each case leading up to, a well-known nursery rhyme. It reminds the reader once more how admirable an introduction to the world's literature is provided by Mother Goose, each one of whose melodies is, by a little miracle of condensation, a story or even a play. "The Fat of the Cat" (Harcourt, Brace) is an addition made through a new translation, by Louis Untermeyer, to our stock of international legendry. These are stories by Gottfried Keller, as popular as Andersen or Grimm abroad, and on their way, I doubt not, to a large audience here; they are demurely funny, and with the power to create a child's world of wonder in which the events unfold. "Shen of the Sea," by Arthur Bowie Chrisman (Dutton), has a Chinese setting and are amusing and quick of action, with silhouette illustrations. Children who read the stories by Robert Gordon Anderson to be taken at bedtime, one volume for seven, seven-thirty, and eight o'clock each, will be glad to get his new collection of fantastic tales, "Over the Hill Stories" (Putnam), adventures with fairies and animals undertaken by three children. "The Little Lost Pigs," by Helen Fuller Orton (Stokes), is not too large for a child to hold comfortably in the hand, large enough for pictures full of the detail children love, about farm life and flowers and animals, some in color. "The Disappointed Squirrel," by W. H. Hudson (Doran), could be read to any child old enough to listen to stories, or read by anyone my age; it is a volume of stories taken from his "The Book of a Naturalist," in clear large type and with colored pictures, a real treasure for a family.

The Little Library, a collection of small books for little children published by Macmillan, has six new volumes so amusing and generally worth while that they set a new standard for this undertaking. A year or so ago this house unearthed "The Memoirs of a London Doll," an enchanting tale then published as anonymous. Now it has been discovered not only that it was written by Richard Henry Horne, a contemporary of Keats, but that he wrote also "King Penguin," a mad and merry record of adventure in the South Seas, now added to the Little Library with pictures by Jimmy Daugherty as wild and as funny as the text. Add to this collection of stories "Made to Order Stories," by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace). Every mother knows that the ideal story for a child is one for which the child furnishes the essential ingredients. "It must be about" this and this. Starting from the requirements laid down by a ten-year-old boy, each tale goes from glory unto glory; the reader catches the enthusiasm with which the narrator plays the game. It will give many a mother needed first aid in telling stories of her own. Another tale that must not be forgotten is Rose Fyleman's "Forty Good-Night Tales" (Doran), because it has what seems to me the perfect attitude to fairies: the child's matter-of-fact acceptance of them in the scheme of things, not the labored playfulness of the grown-up.

O. M. A., LaGrange, Ga., asks for a book named "The Obligation of Being Intelligent."

THIS is "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent and Other Essays," by John Erskine, new and enlarged edition published by Duffield in 1921. Besides the admirable essay that gives the book its title, there are studies of "Magic and Wonder in Literature" and "The Mind of Shakespeare."

W. P. B., New York, asks for books on the history and practice of astrology.

"FIXED Stars and Constellations in Astrology," by Vivian Erwood Robson, published in 1923 by Lippincott, was the first book in English devoted solely to the astrological significance of these heavenly bodies. It is said to contain in one volume practically everything printed on the subject since the Middle Ages. A "Students Text Book of Astrology," by the same author, is also published by Lippincott.

K. F. C., Brooklyn, asks for the name of a standard book on the effects of overwork, especially on women, whose title she does not recall.

IT SURELY must be "Fatigue and Efficiency," by Josephine C. Goldmark, which was published by the Russell Sage Foundation; it has gone into history as a thoroughly documented study of the physiological nature of fatigue and the effect of industrial overstrain on women workers and their children. It has had far more effect upon hours of labor and conditions of work than less dispassionate publications.

Another book has just come out, to be added to the lately published list about the pre-school child. This is "Training the Toddler," by Elizabeth Cleveland (Lippincott), which presents the problems of the child from two to six as they are met through the nursery school. The school from which most of the illustrative material is taken is one in Detroit. We have had for some time the admirable work "The Nursery School," by Margaret Macmillan (Dutton), but the conditions under which the British nursery school operates are so different from those in America that this book should be added to that, in teachers' libraries or in the study-courses of Parent-Teachers groups.

(*Continued on page 287*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?
I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.
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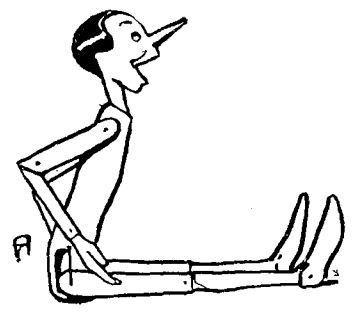

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Points of View

Neglected Book Week

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

What about the good books that die young!—the really excellent books that no one finds out about until the bookstores have ceased to stock them? And what about the very good books that do get a little applause when they come out, but deserve so much more, as is clear when, looking back, you compare them with all the hundreds of others that the publishers have blared about in the advertisements? Why don't you publish an article about neglected or underpraised (or overpraised) books every three months!

Indignantly yours,
CONSTANT READER

(How can any *one* person write an article on neglected books? If he knew them all, he would set up as a publisher on his own account! Why don't readers of good books that have been underpraised write in to Points of View and support their candidate in 100 words? A great service might be rendered—provided too many authors and authors' closest friends do not accept the invitation. We will gladly hold a page open for a Neglected Book Week, at the end of the Fall Season.—*The Editor*).

Memories of Conrad

[*This letter, with its interesting references to Conrad, was written by Capt. Bone in response to a request from Sir Ashley Sparks, for an appreciation of Conrad the man and author for the benefit of the sponsors of the new Seaman's Church Institute of New York, with its reading room dedicated to Conrad. On the literary committee appear the names of the British and Polish Ambassadors, Dr. Finley, Mr. Brock, Dr. Van Dyck, Ogden Reid, Frank Doubleday, and Christopher Morley.*]

R. M. S. "TRANSYLVANIA"
AT NEW YORK,
22nd September, 1925.

Sir T. Ashley Sparks, K.B.E.,
Chairman, The Manager's Committee,
The Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Dear Sir Ashley:

It is with great interest I learn of the new and magnificent building programme of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and I am particularly gratified that it has been decided to dedicate the Main Reading Room to the memory of Joseph Conrad.

By an organization of such wide and international sympathy, I can conceive of no more fitting action than that of honoring, in this appropriate way, the memory of a man and seaman, who, above all, made clear the essential dignity of seafaring.

Were he alive, and the matter advanced in his hearing, I know with what embarrassed consternation he would view the proposal. Modest beyond words, he was ever averse to any public presentment. I can recall an occasion when I wrote to him urging his acceptance of an Honorary Degree which a famous University wished to confer upon him. I was told that, on the morning after my letter arrived, he stood at his dressing table brushing his hair—with both hands—for a matter of fifteen minutes! He could not see his way to accept the honor.

But the dear soul is gone now and his name—in the appropriate connection in which your Committee propose to put it—can do no other than afford an inspiration to the men of his early and never forgotten calling.

❧ ❧

In this letter to you I have a chance to make certain things clear, and I know you will pardon me if I avail myself of the opportunity. On this (the American) side of the Atlantic, my friendship with Conrad has been magnified far beyond its actual proportions. I am spoken of as his most close and intimate friend. I wish that this had been true but, although our intimacy was always sincere and affectionate, my sailor life led me far away from close contact with him.

He had already retired from active sea life when we became acquainted. My first book—"The Brassbounder"—was brought to his notice by Edward Garnett, and our friendship sprang from a letter which Conrad wrote to me then. It was eight years later when we met for the first time! To sailor folk there is nothing extraordinary in this. Roving the World on long courses we must needs drop the threads of friendship for a time. But sailor art includes a facility in splicing the severed strands when an opportunity occurs.

Conrad, the writer, I knew of from the first publication of "Lord Jim," but I had news of the sailor at an earlier date. My friend, Neil Munro, told me that Conrad, ill satisfied with longshore life and the poor returns from his literary work, was eager to go to sea again; that he had been to Glasgow seeking employ; that he (Munro) had taken him round to shipowning friends—but without success.

Shipowners, my dear Sir Ashley, were not as indulgent then as now to a deviation from the strict routine of seafaring. Model making, or a little carpentry, (bird stuffing, perhaps—for I sailed under command of a famous sea ornithologist) might be publication! It was unheard of.

Poor Conrad. I can picture him sitting uneasily on the hard chair, a conflict in his mind, the natural subordinance of a seaman toward potential owners, struggling with his desire to tell them how stupid they were, how the ability to visualize contingencies (which makes a man a good writer) was no unworthy quality in a shipmaster.—Thank God, he did not go back to sea—and we are the richer for that.

But there, I am not sure. Perhaps lessened in volume, his literary work could not have been adversely affected by active seafaring. Genius such as his, nurtured under the stresses of sea life, and spared the distracting contacts of the land, was not for facile expression in the quiet of a country library—or so I think, for I know he wrote only under great throes of self criticism. I know I am selfish in this view, that I would have more of "Lord Jim" and "The Shadow Line" and the "Mirror" in the, to me, studied pages of "Rover" and "Rescue"; and this again,—in the work of other sea writers who have stopped ashore for it, I have an uneasy conviction that the vaunted flesh pots of the land are no sufficient diet.—But it is idle to follow that train. Conrad might have written as well had he never seen the sea.

❧ ❧

I have vivid recollections of my first meeting with him. Shortly after the close of the War, the University Club of Liverpool gave a dinner in honor of the Merchants' Service. I was invited as the guest representative of the seamen. Conrad was in Liverpool at the time. It took no small urging on the part of the Committee to induce him to join us. I take unction that the opportunity to meet a fellow seaman with whom he had corresponded from time to time influenced him. He came.

I was not altogether at my ease. I was expected to reply to the toast of The Service and I did not view the duty with great enthusiasm.

If, in the company of so many distinguished and learned Seignors, I was uneasy, what shall I say of Conrad's affright! He had a feeling that his diction was not impeccable (a lovable distinction in speech I always thought it) and feared a request from the Chair.

As true seamen should, we braced one another for the ordeal, and found it not so fearsome after all. If I have any merit in this world of distractions it is that I induced Conrad—for the first time, as he told me—to speak in public.

What he said is clearly treasured in my mind. Quiet, modest, diffident—every possible adjective that could be applied to a truly lovable soul such as his—he became positively boastful when he spoke of his pride in the art of seamanship and of his great privilege in serving under the flag of his considered adoption. God rest him.

We seamen are a breed apart, an International Breed, and the tide in the Hudson is—after all—no more than a reflex from the Thames and the Tiber, so here I finish this rambling scrawl with a voice from deep sea, thanking the kindly Governors of the Seamen's Church Institute for their magnificent efforts to advance the comfort of our longshore hours. That your movement will be successful goes without saying, but I am selfish enough to hope that you will suggest some way in which I might bear a hand to further it.

DAVID BONE.

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Futilitarianism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I turned from Elmer Davis's lighthearted consideration of Futilitarians and Chaotics in literature to Emerson's essay on Montaigne—and found the Sage of Concord talking on the very same subject!

No, he says, we don't like Futilitarian books. "We are persuaded that a thread runs through all things: all worlds are strung on it, as beads; and men, and events, and life, come to us only because of that thread: they pass and repass only that we may know the direction and continuity of that line. A book or statement which goes to show that there is no line, but random and chaos, a calamity out of nothing, a prosperity and no account of it, a hero born from a fool, a fool from a hero—dispirits us. Seen or unseen, we believe the tie exists. . . Man helps himself by larger generalizations. The lesson of life is to generalize; to believe what the years and the centuries say, against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars; to penetrate to their catholic sense. Things seem to say one thing, and say the reverse. The appearance is immoral; the result is moral. Things seem to tend downward, to justify despondency, to promote rogues, to defeat the just; and by knaves as by martyrs the just cause is carried forward."

Which, if more soberly expressed, is more cheering than Mr. Davis's commercial admonitions.

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM
Chanute, Kansas.

From Over the Water

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

The *Review* reaches me here in France at desultory intervals, but I did get hold of a copy the other day, and as it was a glorious autumn day decided to spend several hours of a Saturday half-holiday resting my tired body and mind by the charming Fontaine Médicis. Here was peace—here were no strident-voiced adherents of Messrs. Cook's—nothing but dreamers, lovers, doves, and the soft splash of the fountain. Oh, it was delicious—the yellow autumn leaves were floating on the jade-green water, the trees mirroring themselves, so that one seemed to lose one's self in their leafy depths—a lonely scarlet gold-fish would swim his way slowly among the little islands of autumn leaves; a grey-blue dove would poise on the edge of the basin to drink, then flutter away, and looking between the trees there was a greenish-golden purple hare—which shaded away to a greyish-lilac between the black iron bars of the distant railing. Overhead, the brilliant blue sky of a French Indian summer. I would read a little—then look up—sense rather than see the beautiful colors around me, and let the exquisite tranquility of the place permeate my every fiber—all the rush of the week—the terrible automobile horns—the tourists—were forgotten on that exquisite afternoon. I was grateful, grateful for this lovely spot, and four hours passed away before I realized it.

I did read the Bowling Green column, "August," however, and it fitted in very well with my mood; my eye fell upon the little French letter from the Café de la Sorbonne, a stone's throw from the fountain. I rose, much refreshed in body and spirit by this little earthly French paradise, and made my way briskly across the square to the little café, because I felt it was incumbent upon me to present the paper to monsieur, who had written you.

Alas, monsieur was out for a walk, they told me, but he would return on the tomorrow, and if mademoiselle would return . . . evidently the amiable garçon who served me my chocolate looked upon me as a special personal envoy from Monsieur le Americain himself—I let it pass, as I handed the paper back saying I would appreciate the paper to be handed to monsieur upon his return. Meanwhile, I noted the paper being passed around the various employes of the café, and there were quiet, pleased French smiles. Afterward my garçon passed it to a client sitting near me; he cast himself upon it with avidity; he was still reading it when I rose. I do not live in the Quartier Latin, but in in the Champ de Mars district, and I come down there but once or twice a week. But I think you have pleased your French friends. I do, indeed. As for me I am in love with France, a passion which seems to grow stronger the longer I stay here.

GUDRUN TAKSVIG
Paris, France.

A Metrical Query

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

John Galsworthy's short stories may not be best,
Though most judges give him some prize if not first.
But what can he have done to Rebecca West
That in all the world she should think his the worst?

JOHN MARTIN
Pinehurst, N. C.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE DOOMAN COLLECTION

THE collection of books, autographs and manuscripts formed by the Rev. Isaac Dooman of New York, to be sold at the Anderson Galleries November 9 is small but its range is varied, comprising rare first editions in English literature, association and presentation copies where both the owners, or both donor and recipient are eminent, and autograph letters of American and English literary or historical importance. Of the 236 numbers in the catalogue, there is not one undesirable item, and the greater part are books of rarity, rendered important by intrinsic or association interest. Books of distinction include Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, the first issue of the first edition; Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, with the portrait and additional title page; Milton's "Poems," 1645; "Paradise Lost," 1667, with the name in small italics; and copies of the third, fourth, and fifth title pages; King Charles's "Eikon Basilike," 1648-49; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621; Evelyn's "Sculptura," 1662, with Prince Rupert's famous mezzotint; Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," 1866, with two of Tenniel's original drawings; and many others. Among the books with association interest, may be mentioned volumes from the libraries of Racine, Hobbes, and Locke; Mrs. Browning's copy of Aeschylus, perhaps the very copy from which she translated "Prometheus Bound;" Coleridge's copy of Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary;" Edward Fitzgerald's Dante; John Drinkwater's copy of Browne's "Religio Medici," the first authorized translation, with notes in the poet's autograph. There are also presentation copies from Coleridge to Wordsworth, from William Morris to Browning; and from Browning to Sir John Hammer, among others. The autograph letters are numerous, interesting, and important; altogether it is a sale that should make a strong appeal to the discriminating collector.

SALES AT ANDERSON'S

SELECTIONS from the collection of Guy Nichols of Hempstead, Long Island, comprising first editions, California play bills, dime novels, songsters, and other publications, were sold at the An- [illegible] October 26. One of the [illegible] volumes in the sale was [illegible] "The Fashionable Lady," [illegible] London, 1730, said to be [illegible] first play written [illegible] America. The author was [illegible] Philadelphia at or 1720 and was [illegible] of the United States to [illegible] play on the stage which was acted [illegible] in a regular theatre. He [illegible] several plays, a history, and a number of pamphlets, by which he was finally successful in securing a pension of £600 a year. He is chiefly of interest to the American collector, however, on account of his association with Benjamin Franklin, with whom he went to London in 1725 and who refers to him repeatedly and at great length in his "Autobiography." The volume brought $47.50.

Books on the art of the press from the collection of Maurice Sloog of New York were sold on October 19 and 20, 529 lots bringing $3362. There was little in the sale that was high priced although there were many desirable books that brought moderate prices. A few of the more important books included Richard Atkyns's "The Origin and Growth of Printing in England," small 4to, London, 1664, the rare first edition, $26; William Blades's "Life and Typography of William Caxton," 2 vols., 4to, boards, London, 1861-63, $27.50; Raymond Cox's "L'art de Decorer les Tissus d'après les Collections du Musée Historique de la Chambre de Commerce de Lyon," folio, levant, Paris, 1900, the rarest and finest book printed on textile decoration, $180; Fournier's "Manuel Typographique," 2 vols., 12mo, half morocco, Paris, 1764-66, $62.50. Stanley Morrison's "Four Centuries of Fine Printing," folio, cloth, London, 1924, limited to 300 copies, $66.

MUSIC TITLE PAGES

ALL students of decorative typography are aware of the peculiar opportunity that a music title page offers the designer. Both in the magnificent renaissance woodcuts of Italy and France and in the exquisite copper engravings and aquatints of the eighteenth century, the size and special nature of fine music production have called for the most lavish use of decoration and illustration. A selection of the outstanding examples among these titles is therefore of real value to designer and collector alike. So that the student can form an idea of the brilliance and artistic importance of these examples, many located in European museums and private collections, Ernest Benn, Ltd., of London, is planning the publication of a work entitled "Music Title Pages, 1500-1925," with an introductory study by B. L. Warde, which will be a monumental volume of facsimiles. It will contain not only the finest examples of such well known engravers and designers as Berain, Gravelot, Cochin, Bartolozzi, but also the less known masterpieces of such early music publishers as Simone Verovio of Rome, Adam Berg of Munich, and Adrien le Roy and Robert Ballad of Paris, whose rich cartouches and allegorical woodcuts stand out even among the glories of the later French Renaissance, and Christopher Plantin of Antwerp. Modern work of music publishers worthy of comparison with ancient masterpieces will be reproduced to show tendencies in design, typography, and the use of color. It is hoped that the collection will reach 300 striking examples of design, and will prove a spur to the modern artist, whose use of restraint and form has not been influenced by an examination of the masterpieces of the past.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE limited edition of 470 copies of "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers," by A. Edward Newton, was greatly oversubscribed and is now at a premium.

* *

According to a "Note" in the current number of *The American Historical Review*, the date of the formal adoption of the term "United States of America" as the official designation of this country was July 11, 1778. Two months earlier it had been decided to use the phrase "United States of North America." Prior to that the term had been used by Jefferson and others, and had appeared in the Declaration of Independence, but Washington's military commission was granted by the delegates of the "United Colonies." When Congress finally decided to drop "North" and agreed upon what President Laurens at the time termed "our Stile" the name which has ever since been used was officially proclaimed.

* *

Appeals for the support of a new organization for the revival of interest in the Scottish vernacular was one of the features of a very successful conference held in Edinburgh by the Burns Federation and attended by delegates from every part of the world. Sir Robert Bruce, editor of the Glasgow *Herald*, proposed to the Burns clubs a motion which commended the revival of the study of Scottish vernacular in the primary and secondary schools and asked the executive to take such steps as might seem expedient to secure the end in view. He said that the federation year just ended had witnessed a marked improvement of public interest in the question of the preservation of the Scottish vernacular. A committee had been appointed at Dumfries last year, and they had the support of many representative Scots.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 285*)

C. M., New York, asks for a book that will tell him what a server ought to know, with directions for carving.

"TABLE SERVICE," by Lucy G. Allen (Little, Brown), not only has a chapter on carving, with explicit directions, but shows exactly how to set tables and wait on them for every sort of meal or entertainment. It is a model of compact and complete information.

A. W. E., Lemont, Ill., says it was Samuel Butler, not W. H. Hudson, who "did not like books," and *R. G. N., Norwich, Conn.*, anxious to "remove from the memory of W. H. Hudson the charge of a sort of intellectual snobbishness," sends me the complete quotation, beginning "I believe I have the smallest library of any literary man in London and I have no wish to increase it. I keep my books at the British Museum and at Mudie's, and it makes me very angry if anyone gives me one for my private library," which may be found in an essay, "Ramblings in Cheapside," in the "World's Classics" (Oxford) edition of "Selected Modern English Essays," edited (1925) by H. S. M. R. G. N. read it this summer in Stromness, Orkney, and finds a use for it when he read, all at once, a summer's collection of this journal.

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The Phoenix Nest

THE first thing that greeted us this morning on our desk was a large reproduction of a portrait of *Christopher Robin*, attested by his father and collaborator, *A. A. Milne*. * * * Dutton is just launching a new large advertising campaign about "When We Were Very Young". Its success has been phenomenal in every respect. It is now even a best-seller in China! * * * We are secreting our copy of the special Holiday gift edition and expect to hurl it at some unsuspecting child for Christmas. We think the child will thank us for being rough! * * * *Padraic Colum*, whose many books for children have all been distinguished, is the author of two new ones this fall, "The Voyagers: Being Legends and Histories of Atlantic Discovery", and "The Forge in the Forest", the latter most beautifully illustrated by *Boris Artzybasheff*. * * * New editions of old favorites like "The Adventures of Pinocchio," "Kidnapped," and *Mrs. Molesworth's* "The Cuckoo Clock and the Tapestry Room," are also features of the season. * * * *Hugh Lofting's* Doctor Dolittle is still going strong, and "Doctor Dolittle's Zoo," the most recent of his volumes promises to rival the sales of the others. * * * About the best new book of Children's Plays is *Stark Young's* "Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman," a collection originally written for the children of *Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn*, recently President of Amherst College. * * * They can be acted without scenery or costumes by children of from seven to twelve years. * * * And you'd hardly pick *C. Kay Scott* and *Evelyn Scott*, the serious and sombre novelists, to have concocted a fascinating tale for boys and girls about a little American boy who gets lost in the Sahara Desert. But they have! * * * They thoroughly know the life of Arab camps and villages; which makes their story carry conviction. * * * The first collection of *Walter de la Mare's* short stories for children is called "Broomsticks and Other Stories". Some of the delectable titles are "The Three Sleeping Boys of Warwickshire", "Pigtails Ltd.," and "Esmeralda". * * * *Louis Untermeyer's* free adaption from the children's stories of *Gottfried Keller*, published under the title of "The Fat of the Cat," is delightfully illustrated by the Viennese artist, *Albert Sallak*. * * * And Untermeyer's excellent anthology of poetry for children, "This Singing World," is still going strong. * * * *Carl Sandburg's* "Rootabaga" books and *Laurence Housman's* "A Doorway in Fairyland" and "Moonshine and Clover," all capital children's books, are also obtainable through Harcourt, Brace. * * * Beautiful Christmas gift books for children are "The Flying Carpet," edited by *Lady Cynthia Asquith* and "The Knave of Hearts," by *Louise Saunders*, with fourteen full-page illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. * * * And the Scribner Series for Young People, a list of famous classics at a popular price, contains such excellent titles as several by *Jules Verne*, several by *Stevenson*, "The Hoosier Schoolboy," by *Edward Eggleston* (a favorite of our youth!), *Kirk Munro's* "At War With Pontiac," *W. H. Frost's* "The Court of King Arthur," several *Hentys*, *Mary Mapes Dodge's* "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," and so on. * * * The *Francis Bedford* illustrations to the new edition of *E. V. Lucas's* "Another Book of Verses for Children," first published in 1907, are alone worth the price of the volume, which is three dollars. * * * Another book well worth the same price is the new children's story, "Poor Cecco," by *Margery Williams Bianco*, mother of *Pamela Bianco*. *Arthur Rackham* has gorgeously illustrated this fantasy. * * * Mrs. Bianco, it will be remembered, was the author of "The Velveteen Rabbit," that delicious book for children that the famous English painter *William Nicholson* illustrated. It was brought out by Doran, and so is "Poor Cecco." * * * And in "The Little Library" of dollar books published by Macmillan, it may be recalled that Margery Williams Bianco's "The Little Wooden Doll," is charmingly adorned with six color inserts and many line drawings by the famous Pamela. * * * We have always had a special fondness for The Bookshop for Boys and Girls at 270 Boylston Street, Boston, ever since we procured from them a really old-fashioned imported toy theatre of the kind *Robert Louis Stevenson* used to buy, and found it highly valued by the younger members of the home circle. * * * Now this remarkable bookshop has opened a new *room, to serve* especially parents, teachers, clergymen, social workers, and others who are interested in young people. * * * Here are books on the care of children, the conduct of the home, the history and philosophy of education, new educational methods, religious training, dramatics and entertainments, and so on. * * * Coöperation and general helpfulness is the spirit of The New Room. * * * Among young poets, *Nathalia Crane*, twelve years old, remains a modern prodigy. Her second book of poems, "Lava Lane" (Seltzer) contains some remarkable things. She was recently invited to join the British Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, of which *Thomas Hardy* is president. * * * *The Sunwise Turn, Inc.*, a Modern Book Shop, has new plans. Their First Edition gallery is growing in scope. They have facilities for getting copies signed by the author; they execute good bindings, and make slip-cases and solander cases. * * * They will make an interesting *catalogue raisonné* of your library. They are beginning a small Americana section. They accept commissions for bookplate designs by *Eric Gill* and *Rockwell Kent*. They continue to bring new ideas from abroad and from other parts of our own country into public notice. * * * Note their address, Yale Club Building, 51 East 44th Street. This is one of the most interesting book-stores in New York. * * * And, speaking of catalogues, *Pierce & Scopes* (O noted name!), Inc. of 59 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y. (a climbing by-street of winsome nomenclature that we knew well in our youth!) advertise a "First Collected Edition of the 'Learned' Sir Thos. Browne" as "The Works of the Learned *Sir Thomas Browne, Kt.* Doctor of Physick; Late of Norwich. Containing—" —well, of course, "Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors", "Religio Medici", "Hydrotaphia; or Urn Burial, together with The Garden of Cyrus", "Miscellany Tracts", etc. * * * "Hydrotaphia" we were guided to early in our career, and to us it exudes a glamour rivalled only by certain writings of *Coleridge, De Quincey*, and *Sir John Maundeville*. * * *

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